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Subject--"An African Trail"

CHAPTER SIX.

THE NEW CUSTOM.

By MRS. J. P. WHITE, ALBIA, IOWA.

SECULAR CHANGES IN AFRICA.

THE GREAT center of Africa which has been so long veiled in mystery is now open to the "civilization" of the world. The nations of Europe at one time and another, invaded the continent and took as much territory as possible. Today the little countries of Liberia and Abyssinia are the only portions of Africa which have independent governments. The rest of this great continent has been taken over by European powers.

The coming of the white man has brought mighty changes to Africa. The new means of transportation has wrought a transformation. In the olden days, Livingstone spent six months "trekking" from Cape Colony to the Zambezi river. Today the same journey can be made in four days with all the comfort and convenience afforded by dining car and sleeping car.

Great Britian has a great plan for a Cape-to-Cairo railroad. It may be some years before this dream is realized but that this line will eventually be completed, there is no doubt. Germany before the war planned a railroad from east to west and had a line built as far as Tanganyiki. France has plans for a line from Tangier, opposite Gibraltar, across the Sahara Desert to Timbuktu on the Niger. Already eight lines penetrate the interior from the east and sixteen lines run in from the west coast.

Thousands of miles of steamboat service have been inaugurated by these enterprising Europeans. Telegraph wires carry messages across vast stretches of grass lands and the ubiquitous telephone is found in every large center.

The thought of the white man has been carried far into the interior and has had its effect upon the black mind. There has come a new thought of labor. In the former times the African had little or no conception of the value of labor but he is learning this from the foreigner. Tax-paying time brings it to his attention. The European government levies a head tax upon him which must be paid either in money or work. Foreign enterprises like mining industries demand the labor of thousands of people. When the black men are kept steadily at work for several successive hours they begin to get a new idea of the value of work.

A new influence has come in the form of money. The cumbersome goods of a headman can now be exchanged for gold and silver coins which may be concealed about his person.

There has been a change in style, too, since the white man invaded the forests of Africa. The very presence of the white man with his numerous and superfluous garments has filled the black man's heart with envy as he looked down upon his own simple loin cloth and half nude body. This black man has a passion for clothes and these he will have. To be sure he does not always know the difference between a lady's garment and a gent's nor does he know the right side from the wrong, but if he can only be clothed that is all that counts with him.

The Victoria Falls in the Zambezi River are the highest in the world—twice as high as Niagara. When David Livingstone discovered them in 1855, he named them for Queen Victoria, but the Africans still call the falls "Sounding Smoke."

Courtesy Missionary Ed. Movement.

A certain writer expressed the wish that the trade in Africa would develop into "tens of thousands of miles of cloth per annum." Some people were shocked at such a statement but Mr. Naylor says, "When it is recalled that clothing is always one of the first steps toward civilization, the ambition to see trade develop into tens of thousands of miles of cloth annually becomes not only a laudable, but a most practical, if not a spiritual Christian hope."

Already business men reprensenting many different lines of trade are going far into the interior of the continent. Wilson S. Naylor met a young man 1500 miles north of Cape Town, "lightening the Dark Continent" with Heinz's pickles.

These new things have brought new dangers to the Africans. In their efforts to follow the example of the white man, old customs have been abandoned, old restrictions have been cast away, "old habits of discipline broken down, old notions of responsibility laid aside. Many evils are swift upon the white man's highway."

Foreign powers bring much benefit to Africa. They establish stable governments, they abolish slavery, prohibit witch craft, infanticide, burial alive. They encourage trades and agriculture. Added to these are the blessings which follow and are a part of missionary work, the doctor, the hospital, the written language, the school, the church.

These men are bringing ivory into a settlement to trade with the white man for cloth, knives, and many articles that are of no value to the African. Here is where the dishonest trader has made his practice of defrauding the African of so much that is both base and inhuman.
Courtesy Missionary Ed. Movement.

On the other hand we cannot deny that the white man has wrought untold evil among the child races of Africa. There is manifest always an attitude of superiority on the part of the white man. The black man soon resents this. He resents the taxes imposed upon him. When he has the intelligence he resents the land grabbing. Many cruel wars have been waged to bring the blacks into subjection; the memory of these rankle in the heart of the black man until he hates with a great hatred these, who seem to him, usurpers.

Along the trail of the trader, the mine operators, and the adventurer vice of all sorts may be traced. Johannesburg has been called "a university of crime." Some of the worst crooks in the world have found their way to this great mining community and spend their time gambling with the unsuspecting native workmen who are no match for the professional gambler.

If we eliminate what the missionary has taken to Africa we take out the best things our civilization has to offer. Dr. Patton in "The Lure of Africa" brings a very strong indictment against the so-called civilization which has been introduced into Africa. He gives all due credit to the benefits of European government but he adds: "Clearly civilization finds itself on the wrong side of the account. It has brought more evil than good to the African. The plain and ugly fact is, that in many parts of Africa the natives would be better off physically and morally if European enterprise had never come. The best authorities do not differ on this subject. There are those who fear that our so-called Christian civilization will make as bad a mess of things in South Africa as Islam has made in North Africa. This is a startling judgment for Christian nations to consider. A prominent missionary said, 'While we must balance the good and evil effects of civilization, yet for my part I consider the real peril to Africa, south of the equator to be civilization and not Islam.' "

When we think of the rum traffic with Africa it makes us see the great need for pushing the missionary work.

The outlook in Darkest Africa would be dark indeed were it not that "God's law is the new restraint." "The law of God is medicine for the disorders of the time of transition." The importance of the missionary operations in these fields cannot be over estimated because they represent the only agency that can give to Africa the right idea of a Christian civilization.

NEW RELATIONSHIPS.

The Gospel has the same power in Africa as it has in other places. "If any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature." The great miracle of transformed lives is evident in many parts of the continent. Today there are new men with new thoughts and new customs. Consequently there are new women. The old ideas of marriage are changed. Instead of the heathen customs of other days, there is among the people of God a Christian marriage.

Miss McKenzie gives an illustration of one Bekalli. After he had settled all the dowry, according to the conditions of an honorable marriage "at the close of a day, lit his lantern and went about among his friends, calling them to a thanksgiving service. I was among those called. I followed the light of that lantern under the thatch of the church and saw that little man with the tender face of an apostle John read the Word of God. I heard him thank God for his wife and beg of Him to make the 'paths of marriage straight paths' which God has done. Bekalli and his wife have been given power to demonstrate the endurance and the peace and the love of Christian marriage."

The wives of the Christian workers are in many cases fine helpers in their husband's work. Out in a lonely village they demonstrate the power of Christ in the home. Educated young men desire such help mates and many a little Bulu girl is chosen and placed under instruction until she shall be prepared for the duties of wifehood.

Homes already started are transformed when a member of that home learns the power of the new life. Through prayers and persuasion others are led to Christ and the home becomes new.

Oftentimes the wives are the best preachers in the church, not that they stand in pulpits but they witness for Christ in their daily lives. Many a man says, "The doing that she does makes me marvel at the power of God."

As a mother this African woman triumphs. She abolishes in large measure the superstitious rites which are practiced during illness. She learns a few, perhaps a very few, simple rules for the care of children. She learns also the importance of teaching these children and training them for Christian life and service.

SCENES IN OUR MISSION IN THE SUDAN.

From Paganism to Christian Civilization.

There is no more beautiful passage in our text-book than the story of Atongon and her little son Isaac. One night the little mother had a dream. "The Lord told her they were to have a child, and in her dream she perceived that there was indeed a child, whose little hand the Lord held in His hand; the other little hand He placed in the hand of Atongon, saying to her, 'This is your child; you will call him Isaac.'

"So you were named little Isaac, and of your mother it was told me that she would have no thing of magic about her child-bed. Now when the missionary doctor came to see how it fared with Atongon, whose husband was still inland on the business of the tribe of God, he found a person of God, a black midwife there, and when you were born it was midnight. It was very still in the village, only your mother watched and the doctor and the old black woman who was a person of the tribe of God. When you were placed beside your little mother she put her hand out to where there lay upon the slattings of her bamboo bed a hymn book. It was open at a hymn which your mother had chosen before your birth. 'For' said she to the doctor 'I said in my heart, when I shall see my child we will sing this hymn.

Therefore, sing it!' Then the doctor and the old woman and your little mother sang a hymn together on your birthnight while the village and the things of evil slept. Thus were you born to a Christian name of a mother who was a handmaid of the Lord."

Mrs. Agnes Fraser tells us how in a meeting for mothers simple lessons are given in hygiene and nursing, in Bible study and in the training of children. In such meetings object lessons are often used. She says: "It may seem ridiculously childish to ask woman after woman to straighten out first a green twig and then a branch of wood, and seem to doubt their assertions of their inability to do the latter. But when one has listened patiently to a lengthy explanation by a matron in the front row of the difference between a green twig and old wood that has sent, with interpolation by others who think the exposition not sufficiently clear, the point has been gained. To an audience convicted out of its own mouth the parable is expounded, and mothers grasp for the first time the reason of our insistence on disciplining children while their characters are still plastic. In the prayers that follow come such frank, simple confessions as 'We have seen our little children striking us in rage, or cursing, and we've laughed and thought it was funny because they were so small. Now we understand we are letting them get accustomed to tread the twisting path of anger and cursing.' "

In some parts of Central Africa the Christian home is distinct. Instead of the ordinary hut of one room there are houses with two or three rooms where the children stay at night in place of going out to the common sleeping huts of the village. The Christian home is exerting a profound influence upon the life of the new Africa. Where both parents are Christians the old things are abolished, the children are shielded from the impurities of social life, they are instructed in the Bible and grow up strong in the things of God.

THE NEW SOCIAL ORDER.

Little by little the leaven of the Gospel transforms society. In scores of villages a few people of the tribe of God will be found. These exert their influence in their small circles but in the villages where there is a Christian headman there is a positive and decided Christian atmosphere. There are the church and school, the Christian homes, the voice of song and prayer and the murmur of reading, morning and evening, in many little huts.

Perhaps the headman may be advanced in years like Bekui Amuku who on a week day crowded in among the children at school learning his lessons and on the Sabbath led his people in prayer. "All the Christian ambition and effort and patience of his people are encouraged by his example."

Elmslie tells of a certain chief among the Ngoni who had come to know the power of God in his heart and had seen the benefit of Christian education. One of the first acts of this chief when he came to the throne was to request that schools be established in all his villages and he himself became a pupil of the teacher who was sent.

In such a town Christian carriers who are taking loads from the beach to the interior drop their burdens and stop for a brief season of worship. In such a town no woman suffers violence, no witchcraft is permitted, no cruelties are perpetrated.

The school is a marked feature of the new social order and is one of the most potent factors in the work of evangelization. Miss McKenzie speaks of the schools, as the "mints where the gold of the new childhood is coined and stamped with an image and superscription which will make it current in the hands of the Head of the tribe."

In the central mission stations the schools are conducted systematically but the little village schools are simple and crude. Often they are taught by such young boys as the Adventurers about whom our Juniors have been studying. Mrs. Ruth B. Fisher writes interestingly about the schools among the Batoro. The pupils were a queer medley of chiefs, men, women, boys, girls and babies. These sat around with eyes fastened on the teacher who pointed to the letters on the chart which all were expected to shout out together. When all classes were started the noise was indescribable. "Each class had its own formula which was recited metrically. Take for instance the one dealing with syllables of three letters—all the pupils sang out 'b-w-a' we call it bwa. Then the teacher intonig asked, 'how many letters and what are they,' and the answer was shouted back 'letters three and they are always bwa.' Then they tackled b-w-i and b-w-o in the same way."

Every mission school gives the Bible the first place in its curriculum. No day passes without the study of the Word in the various classes. Who can measure the influence of the hundreds of little schools strung along the forest path in Africa? Multitudes of young lives are touched and transformed. In these young lives lie the hopes for the future of Africa.

THE NEIGHBOR EVANGELIST.

Since the tribe of God has made itself felt in Africa there has come into existence a new neighborhood and a new neighbor. Before this time there was no "inter-tribal talk of brothers, unless between allied tribes," rather was there enmity, suspicion and hatred. But today the mark of the people of God is recognized by far-away tribes and at a common fire, carriers from many tribes will sit together and talk of their new found faith.

The Bulu has always been hospitable to his friends but in these later days he has learned a new hospitality to strangers, which exceeds that of the tribe of God in America. At communion time in the Kamerun mission field the little groups of Christians in the villages come to the large church at the central station. The local church people entertain these people, cooking for them their best food and sleeping on the ground while the guests occupy the beds.

The neighbor not only entertains the stranger and friend but he goes out with his good news into the whole neighborhood. Sometimes his message is given to his next door neighbor, sometimes it is carried through many miles of forest or grass country. The remarkable growth of the church in Kamerun has been due, under the blessing of God, to the service of the neighbor evangelist. The church is sending out and supporting great numbers of such lay preachers and mighty results are following.

Over in Uganda great progress has been made through the labors of the native workers. One example is enough to show how the work is prosecuted. Two young teachers were sent from Uganda to Toro. At first they met difficulties but a strange Providence changed everything. The king of Toro was unjustly accused and sent to Uganda to prison. Later he was released. While in Uganda he saw the change that had taken place because of Christianity and he decided that he wanted the same blessing for his own people. He became a Christian, and then he began to assist the young teachers. In seven years there were eighty-five mission stations in Toro with one hundred and five Christian workers, supported by the young church.

Paul of the Congo, the neighbor evangelist, a man of faith and of works was a messenger of the Gospel to multitudes and Bishop Crowther, even though educated above his race was not ashamed to be a neighbor and a neighbor evangelist to his own people.

It is easy to see why the native worker is so successful in pioneer work. The foreigner is viewed at first with suspicion and must spend some time in making his approach to the people. The native preacher enters a village he unrolls his mat, takes out his few simple possessions, takes a drink of water from his gourd and makes himself at home. The people see that he possesses nothing beyond what they possess. As he draws out his book they all gather round to inspect this novel thing. He tells them that it is a written voice and these queer little marks stand for the words that were uttered; he has learned how to read these little signs and he has come to teach them how to read because it is God's voice speaking. He understands them and they understand him and thus he is able to make them understand his mission to their village.

Miss McKenzie calls this neighbor evangelist "the man who brings the ember." "He and his ember! Cannot you trace him by that little light, busy upon the map of the African darkness? Your statistics that run into thousands —into hundreds of thousands—what are they but the sum of the neighbors, each with his ember, his coal off the altar! How upon the African map they outline the African church."

The Dark Continent must be lightened by this African church. What a task! The saints in America salute thee O Church in Africa. "We give thanks to God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, praying always for you, having heard of your faith in Christ Jesus and of the love which ye have toward all the saints. * * * For this cause we also since the day we heard it, do not cease to pray and make request for you that ye may be filled with the knowledge of His will in all spiritual understanding to walk worthily of the Lord unto all pleasing bearing fruit in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God."

Junior Study--African Adventures

By Mrs. J. P. White, Albia, Iowa.

CHAPTER SIX

THE RETURN OF THE ADVENTURERS.

For many weeks Assam was away at the hospital with the sick chief and Mejo carried on the school in the village of Mekok. Morning and evening he called the people together and read to them from the Bible and prayed with them. On the Sabbath he called them for a longer service. He taught them to sing, to repeat the Lord's prayer and the Ten Commandments.

Mejo tried to do everything as he saw Assam do. He kept the school in good order using such discipline as seemed necessary.

Bekallia was now acting chief while his father was away. Whenever he came into the school all the pupils rose and saluted him. He ceased to persecute Mejo and tried to act as his father did.

One day after the making of the new moon, when the sun was in the middle and the boys were filing out of school the cry went up "B'asoya" (They have come). The whole village soon came out to welcome Efa their chief back again. Now he was able to walk and looked well and strong and laughed as he greeted his people.

Assam was thinking only of Mejo, the dear brave brother who had stayed by the school during his absence. Soon his eyes fell upon him and he rushed forward to greet him. Together they went to their house where they might have some dinner and where they might be alone to talk over the news from home. The little sister Asala came as usual to bring their dinner. How glad she was to get word from her mother. She sat for awhile on Assam's knees as is the custom of the greeting of children to the older members in the Bulu family.

Assam was glad to tell them that Efa had learned much truth while he was in the hospital. He had become a great friend of the people of God and on the journey home had asked many questions about the things of God as if the Spirit of God were knocking at the door of his heart.

The first rain of the season had fallen. That was the sign to get ready to close the vacation schools. Assam found that the boys had been making good progress in their reading. He questioned Mejo, "Is it a good real reading or a speaking by heart?"

"A good reading—that begins in the middle if you choose."

Asala broke in shyly, "Assam, I too am reading about the elephant." Then to her great joy Assam gave her a good word about going to school. Efa had promised the missionary that he would allow this little wife of his to go to the boarding school where she would learn all "the things of the black woman that are good things—farming, cooking and to keep a house."

Her little heart beat with joy when she heard this and all she could say was "Eh—my mother!"

Mejo recounted some of his troubles with Bekalli but told hew he had ceased his persecutions and how he seemed a bit friendly.

"Ah Mejo" said Assam proudly, "God has given you wisdom in these days to do His work well. What is your name now—Susi, or Chuma, or perhaps Livingstone?"

"Don't tease me" said Mejo "and truly I had forgotten about the choosing of names."

Three days later the boys gathered up their belongings, some food for the journey and set forth for the town of the missionary. Twenty boys and one happy little girl accompanied them.

The first night they cooked their supper in a new clearing. Asala prepared the food for her two brothers. As they sat by the fire waiting for the supper to cook Bekalli came and sat beside them. He had followed the little caravan and he too was going to school. Assam looked embarrassed. "Isn't it good?" asked Bekalli.

"It certainly would be good if you could read" replied Assam. Bekalli had been too proud to go to school and Assam never guessed that he was taking any interest in the reading but now Bekalli told him that his little brothers had taught him the words and he could read the books that the others were reading.

On the last day of the journey they met other groups of boys, with their teachers coming from other villages.

They shouted greetings to each other and felt a thrill of excitement as they drew near the mission. To the teachers it was a home coming, to the new boys a great adventure.

What a wonderful place the mission compound was to these children of the forest—the big church, the hospital with the iron roof, the carpenter and blacksmith shops and the houses for the hundreds of boys.

The boys were assigned to their places and their duties were also assigned. Bekalli was given a cutlass and told that he with a gang of ten boys would be expected to work for a certain length of time in the clearing the next morning. At first he felt rebellious and very much humiliated to think that he, the son of a chief must do woman's work! But he had come determined to get an education and if he must do such humble service he would endure it.

Assam and Mejo and little Asala were allowed to go home for supper the first evening. As the men and boys sat at their meal they talked of their experiences. Their father Akulu seemed much pleased to hear of the success of the school. "This news of the school is great" he said. "You did that work well. These sons of mine who are Christians make me famous."

The boys then went to visit a little while with their mother in her little hut, where she sat with her dear daughter Asala.

Soon all the little adventurers stretched their tired bodies upon their beds. Assam sat up a bit later to make out his school report. The lantern cast its light upon his book and over to Mejo's Bible which lay open upon the table. On the fly leaf he saw these words in the boys' own handwriting, "*Livingstone Mejo Akulu* and below written at another time, "*Chuma Mejo Akulu*" and written tonight in ink that was just dry, "*Mejo Akulu, teacher of the school of Mekok.*"

Assam laughed, "What a strange boy" he said as he put out the light and laid his weary body down beside the weary body of his little brother. And he said, "Mejo Akulu, teacher of schools, I salute you!"

HOME MISSION STUDY

"Missionary Milestones"

CHAPTER SIX.

"A HOME MISSION HONOR ROLL."

BY MRS. T. C. ATCHISON, LAWRENCE, MASS.

PIONEER WORKERS.

PICTURES OF pioneers in any great movement hang a little higher in the galaxy of fame than those who come after. Stories of those earliest in the service of missions appeal to us more strongly as we see them at a distance standing like lone mountain peaks unmoved by the storms of adversity, unshaken in their purposes, and reflecting by their lives of self-sacrifice and devotion the glorious light of the Sun of Righteousness. It is both helpful and interesting to study their lives, and note the characteristics that made them great.

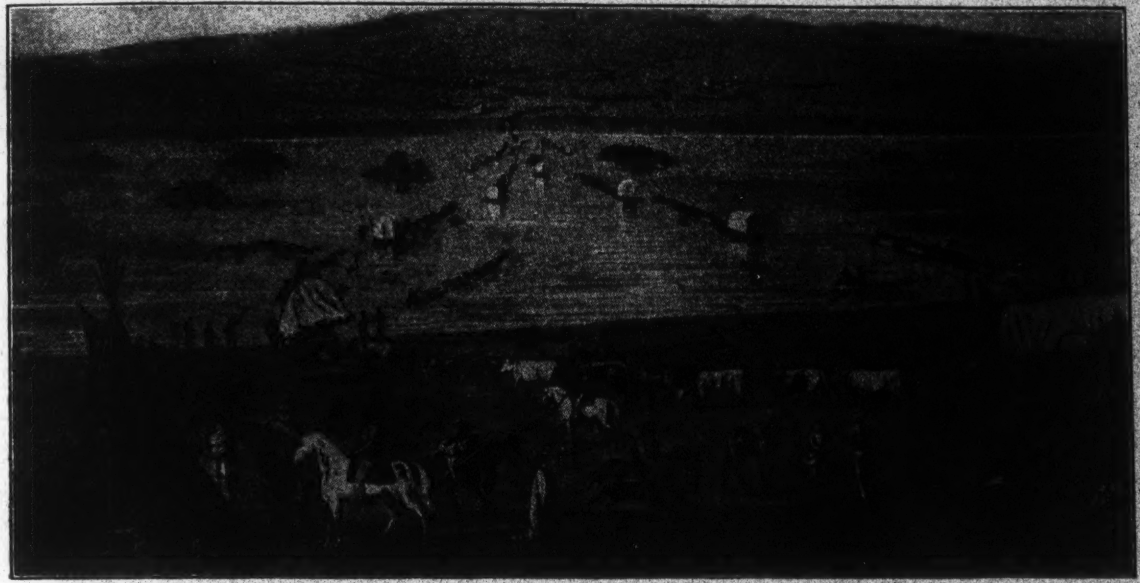
Already in this study attention has been called to the work of John Eliot among the Indians in New England as far back as 1631. In the town of Natick on the Charles River, about eighteen miles southwest of Boston, he began the work that made him famous as a patriot, scholar and linguist, and endeared him to the Christian world at large. For sixty years he was pastor of a church at Roxbury. In addition to his labors as pastor, his work of love for the native race was carried on at the same time. He longed to tell them of the Savior. By kindness he won them, and once a fortnight he could be seen riding across the country on horseback to preach to his loved Indians. Later he began to form settlements of "Praying Indians." Fourteen years after he began to organize them in this way they numbered 3600. His greatest work in their behalf, however, was his giving to them a Bible in a language they could understand. The secret of his power and influence is set forth in the oft-repeated quotation that came from his lips, "Prayer and pains through faith in Jesus Christ can do anything." He died at the age of eighty-six, but the greatness of his love, the generosity of his heart and labors of his hands still live, and the passing centuries have not dimmed the lustre that shines round about them.

Another missionary of those very early days was Thomas Mayhew, Jr., who began his work as a minister among the settlers of Martha's Vineyard and nearby Islands in 1641, and soon extended his services to the thousands of Indians in that region. After mastering the native language, he soon had a flourishing mission, and a school established for the benefit of the Indians. A little later a church was organized with 280 members, but his ministry was of brief duration. About five years after this, he sailed for England for the purpose of soliciting funds for the carrying on of the work. He was lost at sea. His father, then Governor of the Islands, although seventy years of age, determined to take his son's place. He undertook to master the language that he might carry the Gospel message to the Indians and continue the work which had been started in their midst, and meant so much to the welfare of these native people. It was not long until he began preaching week by week in turn at the different plantations, sometimes walking twenty miles through the woods to meet his Indian congregations. He lived until ninety-three years of age and had the joy of seeing three thousand native Christians upon the Islands and an Indian church organized with a native pastor. His grandson, and his great grandson succeeded him, thus the name of Mayhew is indelibly stamped on the roll of pioneer missionaries.

David Brainerd, another pioneer missionary lived between the years 1718 and 1747. His fields of labor were among the Indians at Stockbridge, Mass., and later at Delaware Fork, N. J. He is known in history as the missionary who lived a long life in a few short years. Being left an orphan in early life, his lot in life was far from an easy one. To earn a livelihood and prepare himself for the ministry meant hunger, cold and many hardships. He managed, by much stint, to get a college education. As there were no theological seminaries in those days, he secured his theological training by studying with different ministers. At the age of twenty-three, he was considered sufficiently prepared for his chosen work, and was sent in accord with his desire, to labor among the Indians. The hardships to which he was exposed brought on illness from which he suffered all through his brief life. In the midst of difficulties and many hardships, he gladly toiled on until his weakened physical condition compelled him to cease from his labors. The last place he served was at Crossweeksung, N. J., where he spent two busy years visiting the Indians in their wigwams, comforting and helping them in many ways, as he broke unto them the Bread of Life. Here he established a school and a church. He went from this place to New England for rest and died while there at the home of Jonathan Edwards, October 9, 1747.

The reading of his diary is said to have been an inspiration to many to enlist for definite missionary service in this and other lands.

High up on the honor roll of Home Missionaries is found the name of Marcus Whitman, missionary patriot, statesman and martyr. Into one life is seldom crowded so many diversified activities to bless his fellowmen as we find in this character study. Facing great hardships and perils he bravely went forth to plant the church of Christ in the great northwest and give to the Indians of that region the Word of God. Marcus Whitman was trained for a physician, giving him the opportunity to tell of the Great Physician Who could heal not only the body but the souls of men. He was a Presbyterian Elder, and had been carefully instructed in his religious faith by his parents. He had a desire to study for the ministry but was hindered, and it was then his heart turned toward missionary work. He offered to go anywhere the American Board would send him, and his passion for adventure and exploration added to his zeal in this direction. In 1834 they sent him to Oregon to see what could be done toward starting mission work, from whence he returned reporting a great opening. After a busy winter in preparation, he accompanied by his newly wedded wife, Narcissa Prentiss, Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife, and Mr. William Gray, started on that long and perilous journey of 3500 miles. Dr. Whitman insisted on taking a wagon, although his friends insisted it could not be done. He had great difficulty but finally got through, leaving the first wagon trail across the continent. As to food by the way, their subsistence was largely buffalo meat. As to sleeping accommodations a waterproof blanket spread on the ground with another blanket above served for a



CROSSING THE PLATTE IN OVERLAND DAYS

Copy of Bierstodt's Celebrated Painting—Sketched from Life.

bed for each traveller. After the months of travel with its many hardships and marvelous escapes they arrived at Walla-Walla. It was there some Indians who met them asked if they had brought the "Book of God." About twenty-five miles beyond the journey came to an end, and the work of planting the Gospel in Oregon was begun. And it grew, but the hero of our story and his devoted wife, had to lay down their lives for the Gospel's sake, martyrs by the hands of the very people they had gone to serve. As a patriot, Dr. Whitman will ever be remembered as the man who saved Oregon to the United States by a perilous journey across the country in the dead of winter in the year 1843 to give the information needed ere the fatal contract would be consumated. Other names enrolled as pioneer missionaries are the Riggs and Williamsons in Dakota, Bishop Whittle in Minnesota, Jason Lee in Oregon, and still others who followed the trail of the colonist as they turned their faces toward the setting of the sun. These and many more to whom space will not permit special reference, will ever be revered as those who marked out the way for the onward march of the Gospel.

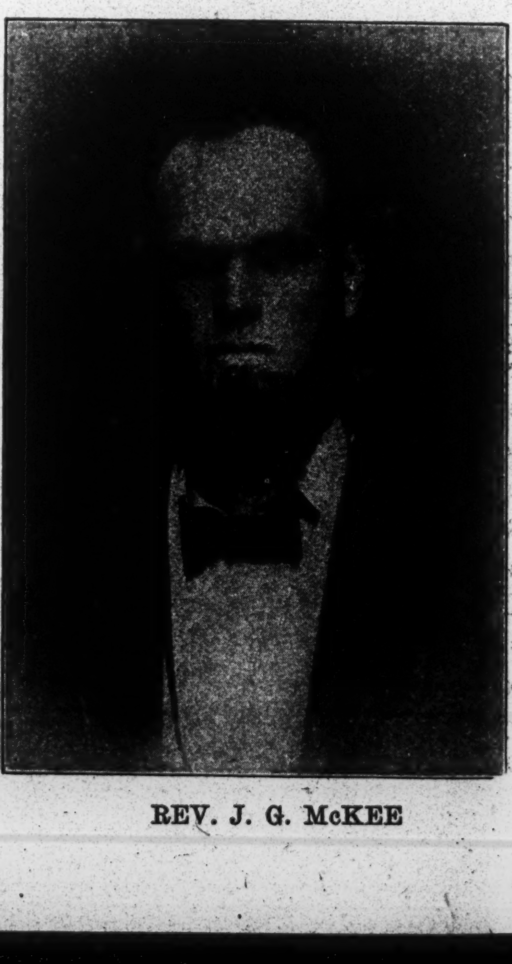
DENOMINATIONAL LEADERS.

We have read somewhere this comparison: "Different denominations are like ships; though sometimes crowded while in the harbor together, have room enough when they go forth into the broad sea." No submarines or destroyers are in place as all sail forth on their mission to save the world. The prayer of every sincere follower of our blessed Lord must be that all may have a safe voyage. G. A. Banks says, "The various denominations are but wings of one great army of the Lord, and should ever rejoice to signal one another messages of good cheer." In these days of war, the various denominations are uniting in moral and constructive work more than ever was thought possible in times of peace. A recent writer in one of our religious periodicals tells us that "one of the great lessons to be learned from the present war and the causes that led up to it is the obvious one that the world is greater than any one country, humanity is greater than any one race, and the Church of Christ is greater than any one denomination.''

It takes a world war to draw us out of our provincialism and out of our sectarianism. We must not fail, however, to recognize the responsibility that rests upon us to care particularly for our own respective ships, fit them for the sea, equip them well with men and means for the service they are destined to render, and follow them with our prayers and heartfelt interest as they sail forth to represent our denomination in the various fields of service. Nine different denominations have contributed to the home mission honor roll we have for study, and each have brought the names of those eminently worth to be placed on the list of those who have wrought well for their day and generation. To these might be added many more noted for their splendid courage, their patience, their faith and the great things done for God and humanity.

Among the list of home missionaries noted as worthy of recognition we are glad to find three whose names are cherished by us as a people and whom we are delighted to honor. The first mentioned is Joseph Alter, called by the writer "A Hero of the Frontier." He lived during the dark days of the Civil War and served his country as a soldier. His bravery did not leave him when the war was ended. On leaving the theological seminary we are told he asked to be sent "where the other fellows didn't want to go" and went to the Kansas "dugouts." In these underground houses he preached, baptized infants, held communions and faithfully looked after the scattered flocks under circumstances which were far from favorable. Think of having for his bed a wheat bin, with no quiet place for study, and suffering from chills and fever every third day for weeks, yet he toiled faithfully on for eight years when he was called to Washington Territory. Here he built churches, organized congregations over an area so vast that he often traveled a whole day to visit a single family. Tired and weary from long journeys on horseback and subject to all kinds of exposure, yet he faltered not to seek out the hungry ones and give to them the Bread of Life.

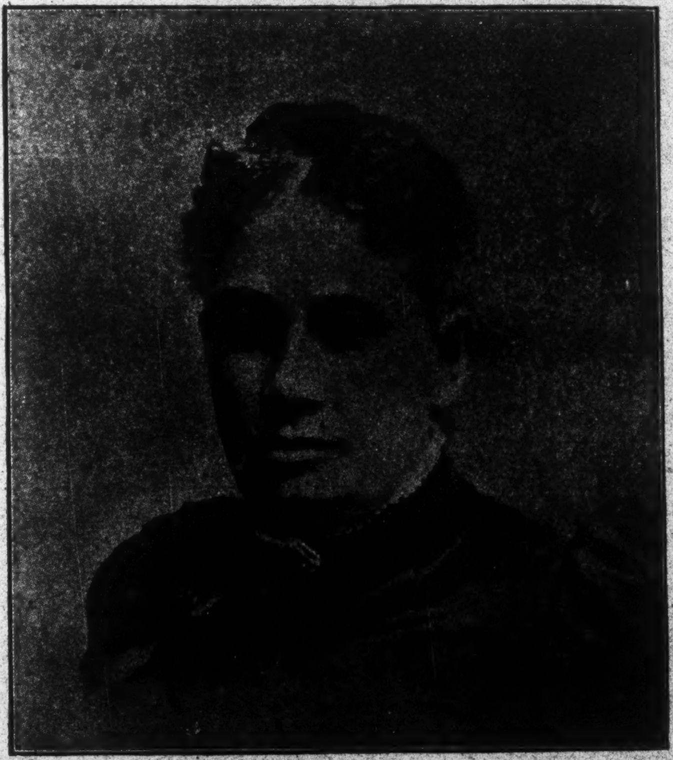
Later he served as missionary to the Indians at Warm Springs, Ore. The closing years of his ministry were given to congregations in Illinois and Iowa. The work of a home missionary in those days meant self-sacrifice, often but little financial support, and naught but supreme devotion to the cause of Christ and strong faith in the unseen God could make him endure to the end. Well may such names be placed on the home mission honor roll. We are sure that God keeps record of these heroes; if not even



REV. J. G. McKEE

a cup of cold water offered with a right motive shall go unrewarded, how great shall be the reward of those who in labors abundant toiled faithfully on until the end.

The next United Presbyterian mentioned was one of our first missionaries to the Freedmen, Rev. J. G. McKee. It was before peace came in 1865 that he was appointed to do mission work among the Negroes in Nashville, Tenn. He arrived there on September 24, 1863, and found conditions most unfavorable for starting a mission. The terrific cost of fuel, rent and other real necessities of life, together with the unfriendly attitude of the Southern people toward those who came into their midst to teach the Negroes made life very hard for this devoted missionary. There were nights when the only sleeping place he could find was on the steps of the Capital with his blanket wrapped around him. The hardships he endure undermined his health, but he faithfully toiled on. He established a school for freedmen which never lacked for pupils although conveniences were few, opposition of the whites bitter, and the circumstances under which he labored were most discouraging. He died five years later, after he had won the hearts of the colored people and started a work that has done great things for the uplift of the Freedmen and the establishment of the Kingdom.



MISS ELIZA WALLACE

For the third on our honor roll list we find the name of another of our pioneer workers among the Freedmen, Eliza Wallace who was for twenty years principal and matron of Knoxville College. Her devotion to the work, her power in prayer, her executive ability, her sympathy with the helpless colored people, eminently fitted her for the place she filled. Miss Wallace also started the school for the colored children at Miller's Ferry that has grown to be such a helpful institution and uplifting force in that community.

To these workers in our Freedmen's mission fields might be added others who risked their lives that the Negroes might have the Word of Life. Miss E. W. Shontz tells in mission study for Juniors the following: "Among the first in our church to be sent on this mission was the Rev. Samuel and Mrs. Vanatta and Miss Agnes Hammond. As the party, sailing down the Mississippi, neared Vicksburg, they were fired upon by a Confederate guerilla band. Mrs. Vanatta was killed and Mr. Vanatta wounded and died from the effects of the wound the following year. Miss Hammond, who afterwards became Mrs. Wait, remained in the work the most of her life. She fell at her post in 1897, struck down by paralysis, brought on by overwork."

It would make a long, long story to tell of all our United Presbyterian home mission heroes who have wrought valiantly to plant the Gospel seed in the hearts of the lonely mountaineers, the freedmen of the Southland and the dwellers in the "regions beyond" as our great western country was called in the early days of our denominational history. But the Gospel seed that was planted has brought forth an abundant harvest of churches, schools, and best of all many precious souls led into the Way of Life.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

Wherever the principles of true Christianity prevail in any country, either with tribes or individuals, there is seen the progress of culture, civilization and of the social and industrial condition of the people. Contrast the women and children of the various parts of the world today and the condition of those where the gospel message is unknown with those in Europe and America, who are taught the principles of the Gospel. The very mention of heathen lands brings to mind the need of Christian teachers and the self-denying labors of gospel missionaries, showing at once the want of something to elevate both man and woman. Communities and nations have done well in proportion to their gospel light. There are many definite methods of preparedness for making life worth living. The first and best is a ground work of religious faith. It is because of so permanent a foundation that the home missionaries have been used so abundantly in the fields of social service. Back of the educational and industrial and medical features was a motive power that was not to be checked by forces of evil. Devotion to the cause of God and humanity made them alert to every opportunity that came to present higher ideals of life and service. A beautiful illustration of this thought is found in the life of Mary Lyon ,whose name will ever be

MARY LYON

revered for the great work she accomplished for the uplift of womankind through the avenue of higher education and Christian culture. We can hardly realize that less than a century ago the question of college education for women was being warmly debated in the magazines. One well known physician decided positively that she "was physically incapacitated for the necessary effort—to say nothing of her lesser brain."

In view of the fact that today some of the co-educational colleges are shutting their doors upon the girls because they are taking more than half the prizes and getting more than their share of the honors, the position seems the more ludicrous. To no one person is due more credit to this change of sentiment than to Mary Lyon, the founder of the first college for women. Julia May Darrow, herself worthy of a high place among the educators of the past century has given us a sketch of her life from which we glean the following items: "In these days of advanced civilization women of extensive literary attainments and sound culture of mind and grace are many, but rarely is there a character who so perfectly unites unusual mental acquirements with a sense of duty so strong, and love of right so controlling as the subject of this sketch. Mary Lyon was born in Buckland, Franklin County, Mass., February 28th, 1797. From parents of exemplary piety she inherited a love for religious instruction and active Christian work. While quite young she was remarkable for maturity of character, yet her sense of the ludicrous and power of humorous description rendered her always an agreeable companion. At the death of her father the family were left dependent on their own exertions." "Mary's opportunities for early education were limited, but an unusual aptitude for learning was soon noticed by her teachers." "In the fall of 1817 she entered the academy at Ashfield. Here she received encouragement and assistance from friends who recognized in her a gem of uncommon brilliancy, which only needed polish to shine with unusual lustre." "Her services as teacher was soon much sought. The money procured in this was devoted to procuring instruction on subjects in which she was especially deficient. In 1821 she attended Rev Joseph Emerson's school at Byfield. Previous to enjoying the instruction of Mr. Emerson, the intellect rather than the heart had engaged Miss Lyon's attention, from him she learned that each should receive its due proportion of cultivation." "In 1822 she was invited to assist Miss Z. P. Grant in the Adams Academy at Derry, N. H." "About 1830 she began to consider the plan of founding a permanent female seminary, and from this time the ways and means to the accomplishment of this object occupied the chief place in her heart." "In the fall of 1834 she gave up her connection with Miss Grant at Ipswich, and set herself apart to the fulfillment of her great purpose. At this time she was thirty-seven, in good health and with faith, courage and enthusiasm unbounded. Not a man of wealth had as yet given her countenance and aid. Even the religious press had on several occasions refused to publish articles setting forth the plans and principles of the proposed institution. A few who had known her long and well, relying on her understanding, energy, and benevolence, gave her their influence. September 6, 1834, a few gentlemen met at Ipswich to consider the plan of founding a seminary embracing her favorite views. After much consideration, the committee decided to depend for funds upon the freewill offerings of an enlightened Christian public. Several towns offered generous subscriptions if the seminary be located within their limits. The final decision was in favor of South Hadley." The corner stone was laid October 3, 183 . The school was opened November 8, 1837. "It gained in numbers and advantages as the years went by, and while a high standard of scholarship was especially sought, yet a true religious culture was acknowledged to be the only firm foundation for womanly character. For twelve years Mary Lyons lived to enjoy the fruits of her enterprise and see each year her pupils leave the seminary prepared for active influential lives. March 5, 1849, she died of congestion of the brain, and her remains rest within the shadow of the building that stands as a monument to her life of ceaseless activity and consecration to the advancement of Christ's Kingdom. The words graven on the stone which marks her resting place reveal the ambition that led her by a way so perplexing to a success so complete: 'There is nothing in the universe that I fear, but that I shall not know my duty, or shall fail to do it.' One of the first objects of this founder of Mt. Holyoke College for Women was 'To cultivate the missionary spirit among the pupils; the feeling that they should live for God and do something.' "

Another interesting character given us for study is that of Mattie Wright, the first deaconess consecrated by the Methodist Church South, who did much social service work among the foreign born. She visited them in homes, established night schools, taught English to Mexicans, and gathered under her own roof a number of working girls without homes in the city of Huston, Texas, from which came the Co-operative Home for Working Women. The thinking public cannot but acknowledge the great obligation under which it is laid to missionaries whose blameless example and self-denying labors are infusing new vigor into the stereotyped life of the great population in neglected fields, and are preparing them to be in every way better citizens of the land in which they dwell. 'Tis true the religious ideals of a community has its effect on the value of property and other temporalities. The temporal advantage of Protestant Missions is manifested for products of art and manufacture. A good investment for people whose only idea is to make money, but that is only a trifle of the award to be distributed when the final account shall be made up. In the words of a recent writer, "Many a man has lived to say, 'The most satisfactory investment I ever made is what I gave away.' " "Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you" is but a common statement that can be made by those who have fully consecrated their lives to God and humanity.

THE VISION AND SPIRIT OF THOSE WHO LED THE WAY.

Someone has said, "The difference in men after all is the difference in what they see. Where some see only a stone others read the history of the world; where one man beholds nothing but a bush touched with the red glow of the setting sun, another sees heavenly flames and hears the voice of the Almighty." Our missionary heroes were not without their visions. They had a vision of the awful need of the people without the saving knowledge of the Savior. They had a vision of the Christ and the great sacrifice He made for the salvation of the human race. They had a vision of a people redeemed through the saving efficacy of the Word. They had visions of better environments, of higher ideals of life, of more favorable opportunities for those who "never had a chance," and of what Christianity would do to bring about enjoyments and comforts and blessings even in this life. They saw the needy millions blinded with sin and ignorance stand forth as a great opportunity for service.

As we study today the story of their lives, we realize the power that was hidden away in the minds and hearts of missionaries to discern the need and the remedy by which it could be overcome, was the propelling agency that carried forward so many activities for the good of humanity and the glory of God. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Our visions are the foundation source of our actions. Our works are but the outcome of the ideals conceived in the mind. Our author, speaking of John D. Pierce, the missionary educator, dubs him "A Maker of Michigan." He was commissioned to that field in 1831 and was made the first superintendent of public instruction through the influence of General Isaac Crary. Having traveled extensively over the territory as a missionary he understood quite well the needs of the people and was able to plan so wisely that his scheme for the education of the people stands today without any radical change. It is unsectarian, but provides for the impartial representation of all churches, both in the governing boards and teaching force. The secret of his great success is found in the following comment on his life: "He was a man of vision, but not a dreamer, adding to intense missionary enthusiasm practical sense and a knowledge of affairs."

The main spring of progress is the desire to fulfill in deed all one has planned in thought. Our lives are just one long pursuit of the visions of possible excellencies, and "where there is no vision the people perish." The spirit of the men and women who builded so well along missionary lines had much to do with the success that crowned their efforts. Were we to analyze their powers we would find a large percentage of love and sympathy for those for whom they labored. Sympathy is the very core of the Christian life. Beecher in speaking of this excellent trait says: "Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs on violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope causes a man to carry blessings of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp of its own shining. Such a one moves on human life as stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners, as the sun wheels, bringing all the seasons with him from the South." The spirit of self-sacrifice is a dominant trait in the characters of our missionary heroes.

Listen to the words of David Brainerd as he voices the following: "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls to Christ." And how the spirit of self-sacrifice shines forth in the words of the founder of Hampton Institute, Samuel Chapman Armstrong: "It pays to follow one's best light, to put God and country first, ourselves afterward." While commanding several regiments of colored troops in 1862 he became convinced of the powers and needs of the race. A dream of Hampton School, nearly as it is, came to him in those days of conflict. He saw an industrial system "not only for the sake of self-support and intelligent labor, but also of character." From the vision came the self-sacrificing efforts that resulted in founding Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute from which has gone forth a constant flow of blessings to enrich and gladden the lives of the Freedmen.

Our home missionaries are also noted for their courageous spirit. It took courage to face the hardships of the new and untried fields, to face the warlike Indians, and meet the cannibals face to face, to face the bitter opposition of friends and foes, to the laying of their lives on the altar that some poor neglected souls might be shown the way of life. It took courage to undertake the founding of schools, homes, hospitals, asylums and other philanthropic institutions. It frequently meant the laying of the missionary's life on the altar, a burden bearer overtaxed by the tremendous strain of the additional effort. Our home missionaries were living illustrations of the statement, "There is no easy way to greatness, that which is worth having costs heavily." Like the Master they bravely carried their cross until physical strength gave way, and then commended their interests to Him Who was able to raise up others to carry on the work.

1. What has our denomination rendered to our country in the way of pioneers in neglected fields?
2. What has our denomination rendered along the line of social uplift work among the Freedmen?
3. What has our denomination done in furnishing educators and educational institutions?
4. Name some denominational leaders who helped to establish the Church and its institutions among the Freedmen.
5. What percentage of our self-supporting churches today are the product of home mission effort?
6. What fundamental principle underlies the effort of the Church of Christ to evangelize the world?

Junior Study--"Bearers of the Torch"

CHAPTER 6.

By Mrs. J. C. Atchison, Lawrence, Mass.

"A BEARER OF THE TORCH IN THE WEST."

What is it in the life of Sheldon Jackson that makes our boys and girls love to read about him. "He did things" you say "worth-while things" and was "brave and kind and true." Yes it is true he did an enormous amount of hard, hard work. Not aimless work, but work with a purpose for the good of his fellowmen, and it was done in places where it was most needed. He sought not for "easy jobs" or "soft snaps," but with no thought of self he forged his way through all kinds of difficulties and paved the way for the coming of other brave missionaries to follow with the light of God's Word. A torch bearer to the West who lighted many other torches here and there throughout the vast territory over which he was given oversight. He began his work at the Mississippi River and carried it westward and northward until it reached even the shores of Siberia. He was one that when he saw an opportunity, grasped it quickly and set in motion so many powers for good in this way that his influence broadened and deepened constantly as the years went by, and he became not only a missionary hero, but he became great in the eyes of the world as a prospector, as an educator, and as a philanthropist. But I know you want to know some of the things he did, and to hear of some of his adventures in the making of the "New West." He traveled almost a million miles. Katherine R. Crowell gives us the following concerning some of his travels. Journeying in those days he found far less comfort than is now enjoyed in the same region; railroad building advanced slowly, in several instances he traveled as he could by stage, making continuous trips of six days and nights, or on horseback, as in his Minnesota and Wisconsin experiences from 1859 to 1869; he was overtaken by blinding snowstorms or compelled to wade into the partly frozen streams and break the ice on the banks of the river before his horse could cross, or in a Mexican oxcart in which one single journey in March, 1877, occupied him ten days, or imperiled by losing the trail on the prairie or mountain, or during the years from 1869 to 1880 crossing snow-faced avalanches where others perished just before or after his passing, or among the trackless mountains of Arizona far from food and water, or shut in by prairie fire, which swept wildly around him, or fleeing before the roaring flames leaping from pine to pine along the mountain side, or perhaps, a long summer day with his rifle resting on his knee amid the dangers of the savage Sioux, or in passing the mountain summit at an altitude of 13,000 feet, in which both ascent and descent were beset with extremest perils."

"His narrow escapes are among the marvels of personal experience: five times the stage was robbed just before or after he had passed over the route, once there was only the motion of a finger between him and death as a half dozen revolvers were pointed at him, once he escaped scalping by Apaches on the war path, only by a few hours, again he went unharmed when his steamer on the upper Missouri was fired into by hostile Indians, again a fanatical papal mob threatened his life, and once delivered from prison where he had been thrust for the Gospel's sake."

The eyes of the Lord were surely upon him, and His guardian angels were round about him as he journeyed hither and thither doing the Lord's work. Sheldon Jackson was in the spring of 1869 appointed by the three existing Presbyteries superintendent of Presbyterian missions for Northern and Western Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming and Utah, but for his support and that of his workers the Presbyteries were not responsible. Afterwards other territory was added until he had Presbyterian oversight of all the west from Iowa to Nevada, from Mexico to Canada, which, with the addition of Alaska took in about half of the territorial area of the United States at that date. I think I hear you say "No man could look after a field like that." Let us see how he managed the enormous task. In eight months he had ten missionaries at work in Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado and Utah. His idea was to get into the rapidly growing towns with the forces of good, before the forces of evil got a hold on a community. Before the Pacific Railway was completed he had sent at his own expense three ministers to occupy the important villages on the Union Pacific railways, a distance of more than a thousand miles. In ten years he organized churches in every important center in the Rocky Mountain region. He was used of God to carry the torch to the Indians, the Mormons, the Mexicans, and the many new settlers scattered here and there throughout that vast region.

What a power our brave Torch Bearer had in enlisting others who were willing like himself to make sacrifices and endure hardships. We find among the number Mrs. McFarland, the one who had gone from Virginia as a bride to New Mexico and had done such splendid work there. When her husband died, she was ready to heed the call to enter some other service where she could be used of God in giving the Gospel light to those who were in the darkness of ignorance. So we find Clay, the one who taught Wm. Duncan the Indian language, and preserved his life when an angry chief would have killed him for trying to stop his wicked customs, trying to teach the natives of Alaska the way of life.

The noble men and women about whom we have been studying have lived their lives and lived them well, but who will seize the torch and carry it forward that those still in the regions and shadow of darkness may know of the better way? Where are the boys and girls who want to live worth-while lives? Who are willing to be used of God in lifting the world near to Himself, and in driving out sin from the midst of those for whom Christ died? The Gospel light He has entrusted to His disciples. In this new age so fraught with opportunities, how much it is needed just now to give comfort to those who are bowed in sorrow, to bring peace in these days of war, to drive from this and other lands the evils and sins of the times, and to encourage the hearts of those who are laboring to build up the Kingdom of Christ. Have we not some missionary heroes in the making in our very own Junior societies? How their voices should ring the sentiment of the lines:

"Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth and righteousness and Thee
Lord of my life, I come."

A girl who went to the Blue Ridge Mountains for her summer vacation saw the ignorance and destitution of some of the children of the mountains. She wrote back home for Bibles and papers and spent her vacation teaching the children who had never had a chance to learn. How many open doors for our boys and girls can find if they simply lift up their eyes and behold the fields.

ESKIMO CHILDREN

INDIA AND THE WAR.

By Miss Mary J. Campbell, Pathankot, India.

ONE EVENING on the Steamship "Nippon Morn," somewhere on the other side of Honolulu, a company of thirty or more missionaries had come together in the dining saloon to talk over the different fields represented by them. Before breaking up the friendly circle it was suggested that each country sing its favorite hymn. Now the Punjab was represented by two kinds of Presbyterians, the United and the Reformed. They sang just what the Punjabi Christians would have expected them to sing, the 24th Psalm, "The Lord of Hosts He is King of Glory."

A Baptist missionary from Central India, an elderly man showed his appreciation of this Crown Psalm sung to a sweet minor strain, by keeping time with both hands and feet. When the singing ceased, he said, "O how good that sounds to me, I don't know a word of what you were singing, but that was a favorite song of the Punjabi Christian soldiers who were stationed in Secunderbad, my home in India. Hearing it, takes me back to my old station, and I see again those splendid Christian soldiers marching down to parade service on Sabbath mornings, through that old Mohammedan city, singing this same tune at the top of their voices. How fine they looked in their neat Khaki uniforms, and how well they marched to the strains of this 24th Psalm!

"Ah, they were men to be proud of," he continued, and the memory of them made the tears glisten in his eyes. "They hunted up the missionaries, for I think they were missing you of the Punjab who had led them to Christ. They wanted to sing and talk about Jesus. Now we did not know a word of their language, but our cook understood and interpreted and love bound us together. They never thought of leaving our home without a little season of prayer. One would say, 'Brothers it is time for us to be back in the barracks, but first we'll pray.' So they would kneel there, with their faces to the earth in the Oriental way and would pour out their hearts before God. I thanked God again and again for sending those Christian soldiers down to the training camp in our old Mohammedan city."

One who sat there that evening in the missionary company, was thinking of a time years ago when she was a young missionary, teaching the mothers of some of these young soldiers she had just been hearing about. How often as she sat in the lowly homes of those who were called by the high caste neighbors "untouchables," had she wondered if these poor, depressed ones could ever be lifted up from their deep poverty, their hopelessness, their ignorance, their filth, and lo, her eyes had seen a miracle wrought with them inside one generation.

Away back in those days of beginnings it was not easy for the fathers and mothers to send their little ones forty, fifty miles to a boarding school when they could not hope to see them oftener than once after ten months. But some were brave and caught a glimpse of what it would mean in the years to come and allowed both sons and daughters to be sent to school. More and more these little raw recruits came crowding into our primary schools from which they pushed on up into the grammar grades. Some pushed right up into the high schools and some did not stop until they had earned their B. A. degree from our

College. Intellectually they had come to occupy a foremost place in some of the villages.

Was it possible for them to better themselves financially? Could they ever hope to be free from the badge of their serfdom, the broom and the basket? They worked as scavengers in the cities, and as farm laborers in the country places. They owned no land, not an acre could they claim as their own. Then one day the British Government made plans whereby a great canal system for the Punjab was inaugurated. This opened up immense tracts of virgin soil to our Punjab people. People who had never known the delights of land proprietorship, now entered into this new region and became owners of twenty-five acres and even more. "Why should not the village Christians have a share in this blessing," said some of the older missionaries, and the matter was brought before the Government with the result that some large tracts were given over to them and today thousands of our village Christians are making comfortable livings on land they have bought, or rented and are respected by their neighbors as Christian farmers.

But would the day ever dawn when the proud and haughty races, the Brahmins, the soldiers, the land owners would look with pride on this people who had for so many centuries as their despised inferiors served them so faithfully?

The war came, the awful world war and it reached down to the humblest hamlet in India. Recruits were eagerly sought. No longer was it the warrior castes alone that were approached: the need was so great that the Government sent out a call to all the young men of India regardless of caste or creed. The strong, sturdy young Christian men in the villages heard the call, offered their services and were gladly accepted. Hundreds of them joined the training camps. Manly, straightforward, they won the respect of all.

I'm looking forward now to the day when India's soldier boys will come marching home from war, veterans from France, from Mesopotamia, from Palestine, from Africa. I can see the whole village standing under the banyon tree waiting to welcome them. The Brahmin priest, the wealthy land-lord have forgotten all race distinctions and they are shaking hands with these brave soldiers and telling them "You have done well, our sons, we are proud of you." The "untouchable" has now the place of honor as he tells his own people what he saw in the distant lands when he was fighting for his king, and the people will handle with pride the medal he has won for some special act of bravery.

Miracles are being wrought in our foreign fields, had we only the open eyes to see.

The Magazine readers may be interested in extracts from letters received from our soldiers of India. A letter from Bagdad, written by the Rev. Waris Din, gives many interesting items concerning the old land of Mesopotamia. Two years ago at the Sialkot Convention he told me that he had offered his services to the Government. Later he was sent out as a military chaplain to have oversight of the moral and spiritual welfare of our Punjab Christian soldiers.

He writes: "On every hand here in Bagdad as well as in Busrah one is confronted by Indian people and many of them are Punjabi Christians. Bagdad which is now under the control of the British is a beautiful place. If the Lord wills it will in a short time resemble Calcutta and Bombay. The bazar reminds me of Lahore in its narrow, tortuous streets. Food of all kinds is abundant *for the army*. Ice, soda water, white wheat bread, milk, jams, meat, vegetables, sugar, salt and spices, but everything is dear. Flour sells at four pounds for 33 cents. Sugar at the same rate. Muslin is 18 cents per yard. For the past 300 years this city has been under the oppressive rule of the Turk (The writer is a convert from Mohammedanism). Not one road was made by the Turkish Government during this period. On the outbreak of the war when they found one necessary they destroyed hundreds of houses in the heart of the city in order to make it and did not requite the owners by even one cent. The ruins are still lying as they left them. Two days before the Turks evacuated Bagdad they forcibly entered every home for loot. Many of the inhabitants had buried their treasures. Houses were needlessly destroyed and churches burned. I saw one of the burnt churches. There are 50,000 Jews and 10,000 Christians of various sects in Bagdad. A mandate was issued in Constantinople ordering all the Christians to be killed on the 12th of March, but God be praised, the English army entered before the fateful date and the murderous Turks all fled. The land of Armenia is not far distant. In that unfortunate country 300,000 Armenians were massacred by the Turks within a period of three months. The boys and girls were sold as slaves to the Arabs for a few cents each. Now the benign British Government is buying them back and setting them at liberty. I met two little boys aged 10 and 12 whose father had been killed in Armenia and whose mother by some chance joined a carvan and got safely through to Bagdad. When I asked the little fellows about their father's murder they wept most bitterly and my own heart was stirred to its depths by their terrible grief. O will not the cries and sobs of the orphans yet be heard! The coming of the British saved many lives.

"Four rivers run through this country and the soil is fertile. If canals are made as it is hoped they will be after the war is over this country will be as well watered as the land of Egypt.

"The Nusserwanis, Armenians and Jews all dress alike and it is hard to distinguish one from another. The Arabs dress differently, they all wear long garments. Their tribal distinguishing mark is found in the color of the handkerchiefs they wear on their heads.

"The Sikh soldiers have taken a great fancy to this fertile land and are even now asking the British Government to allow them to settle here after the war is over. I believe that as soon as the war is over the Government will make a Paradise of this place which has for so long been a Gehenna.

"Babylon is only 62 miles away. The road to it is good; carriages go back and forth daily. I hope to visit it soon. Karbola is only 40 miles from us. The government has given it over for the exclusive use of the Mohammedans and for a Christian to enter it is taking his life in his hands. That place has no Christians church or Sikh temple that whoever will may enter in saftey.

"I'm so sorry that the Turks burnt the C. M. S. hospital and church. The church was God's house and they of course were its enemies, but what harm had the hospital done any one?"

A young Hindu from a well-to-do high caste family who had made his home with us in Pathankot for several years, went over to Lahore one day to do some shopping and while there he fell into the hands of a recruiting officer and before he was released he had signed his name to a document which made him a recruit in the king's army. After a few weeks' training in the Lahore camp he was given a place in the Commissariat department and was sent off to Bucrah. He was allowed the privilege of spending two days in Pathankot before sailing. He asked me for two things, a New Testament and a Psalm book. A few months ago word came from him saying: "Don't be anxious about me. I'm reading the New Testament you gave me and am trusting in Jesus. You will be sorry to hear that my duties in the Commissoriat compel me to dish out to white soldiers and Gurkhas that thing I hate—whiskey. By keeping from drink, I am also kept from many evils that the others commit."

God hasten the day when our Christian rulers will no longer put the offence of strong drink before the races subject to them.

The wave of enthusiastic loyalty which swept over the whole of India at the outbreak of the war was not confined to any one class, but swept through all classes. Perhaps it will never be known just how much assistance India has given the Allied cause. Shall not we pray more earnestly that all this whole-souled people shall have the opportunity of being loyal to King Jesus?

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BABES HAVE TO BE PROTECTED FROM RUTHLESS GERMAN AIR RAIDERS.

Miss Margaret McMillan, C. B. E., leading some of the small children to a smuggler's cave, which is sandbagged as protection from air raiders. The cave is one of the best in London. Notice the babes in arms which have to be protected from the German air raiders, who care not who they kill. Many such babes have been killed in the raids. The Germans enjoy great "military advantage" in killing these babes. British Official photo.

While this picture has no direct connection with Miss Campbell's article, it is one of the awful incidents of the world wide war.—ED.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Our Daughters in Egypt.

Minnehaha Finney, Editor, Tanta, Egypt.

COMMENCEMENTS IN EGYPT.

These five Boarding Schools for girls in Egypt with their fifty-five bright faced "sweet girl graduates" tell what is being done for Egypt through girls' schools. These girls are representative of all our girls in these Mission Boarding Schools as well as the Day Schools and they are also representative of the six million women in Egypt for whom we want to do great things.

The Magazine has often published pictures of representative women in Egypt, poor and down-trodden, superstitious and ignorant; but this time we take pleasure in publishing some pictures which tell you the great possibilities in the daughters of Egypt when they once have been given a fair chance. And as you look into their faces and read the stories so lovingly told by the missionary ladies who have labored long with them to bring them up to this mile-stone called *commencement*, think of the centers of influence which will be set to work all over Egypt and praise God for the privilege of having a share in this great work of reconstruction.

M. Finney,
Editor for Egypt.

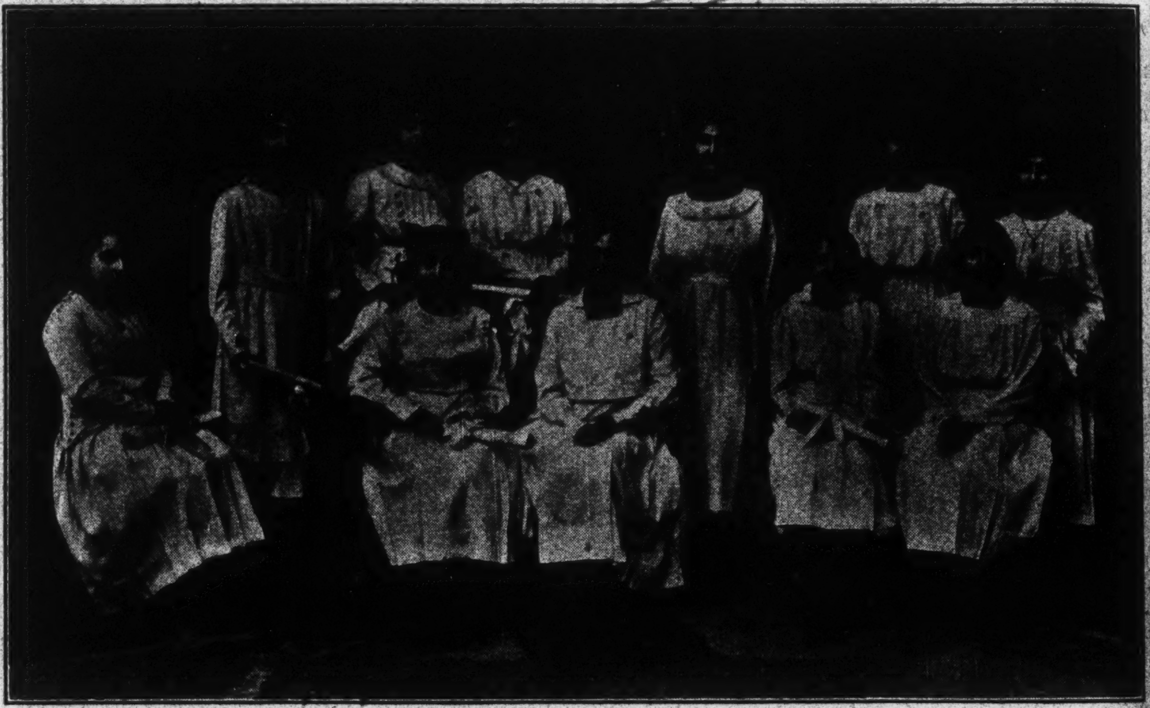
COMMENCEMENT AT THE AMERICAN MISSION GIRLS' COLLEGE. SHARIA ABBAS, CAIRO, EGYPT.

Dear Friends at home:—

Another Commencement of the Girls' College is past and as usual, we are enthusiastically engaged in counting the cost, judging the results—deciding what we won't do next year! It has occurred to some one that you might be interested in our cogitations, so here are some of them. First of all you will want to know just what did happen. As I start to tell it, I wonder how much of it you will have heard before. From year to year these exercises do not vary greatly and I think you have been told of them before, but I hope that you will be indulgent.

In the first place you must know that we have no public hall in connection with our mission—doubtless not more than one or two in the city, indeed, that would accommodate the crowd. So we adopt the common expedient of erecting a large marquee for the occasion. In fact we have a sanded expanse of our grounds reserved for it. And, in this sunny land, it is a rather nice idea. It is airy and there is not the danger of rain as at home and the gay canvas walls, sewen over with oriental designs—a sort of glorified patch-work, in fact—make a charming back-ground for the masses of palms and ferns of our decorations and for the sweet faces of our white-gowned school-girls. The floor is noiseless, with its thick carpet of clean white sand and the seats are chairs bound in rows by strips of lath. On the raised platform to the left of the audience is seated the chairman and, as the custom is in this part of the world, with him are the guests of honor. On the right is the chorus and pianos and in front of them is the row of "sweet girl graduates."

So much for the setting. The program itself has followed approximately the same lines, too, for the past five years—which is the number of the public Commencements since the College presented its diploma to the first graduate of the full course. It consists of performances by the girls and one or more addresses by speakers invited from outside. This year there were two Arabic orations and two English recitations by members of the class. Most of the music was furnished by the class, too. Two or three girls from other classes helped. And there was the chorus. This year they did unusually well, too, which is saying something, for they always furnish a popular part of the program. The speakers were two this time. One was the father of one of the graduates, Faris Nimr, Ph.D., an influential Syrian journalist, one of the early graduates of Syrian Protestant College at Beirut and, last but not least, a valued friend of this College. The other was a rising young Moslem poet who gave a truly beautiful tribute in verse to the Women of History. Both were enthusiastically received. It takes an eastern audience to wax enthusiastic too. A western one is wooden by comparison. As to the girls', performances, it is perhaps not seemly to say *too* much! Suffice it to say that we were not ashamed of them at all. The Arabic orations were so good that some of our own missionaries would not believe they were the girls' own work! And the English of Wordsworth and Shelley was not discredited by the rendition of foreign lips by any means!



GRADUATING CLASS OF THE CAIRO GIRLS' COLLEGE.

The music is always an enjoyable part of the program. I think perhaps the audience care most for it. And yet! It is hard to say as to that. The chorus singing improves from year to year we think. For piano numbers we have a number of two-piano pieces, for the tent is large and it is a little hard to fill it—not with people, but sound. The people were about fifteen hundred and would have been a good many mort had we invited them, I suppose.

Now as the tent is coming down and weariness has rolled down like a cloud and engulfed us, we are asking if it is all worth while. It is worth while, we are sure of that, and that it is worth a great deal, too. So few people in this land, even in cosmopolitan Cairo, know the possibilities of educated womanhood, it is a privilege to give them just a glimpse. And that this Commencement is appreciated as an opportunity of that kind, you would be sure if you tried once to control the invitation list, and had to meet the disappointed faces of the young men who want admission cards and can't get them! Don't laugh at them, how else may they hope to find the lady of their own choice. Then, too, how many a bright gril owes her chance of more education to what her father saw there. One often hears, "I think if my father comes to Commencement he will let me come back and finish." Or, "Please, can you give me a card for my uncle. My cousin wants very much to come to school but he thinks she has learned enough." Sometimes it is, "Is it possible for harem ladies to attend? My wife does not understand why I want my daughter to continue in school and I would like her to come and see it all."

Then, too, it is here we vindicate our cause and prove our right to be, before these of high position in school and state. The Ministry of Education is always represented by its heads and those in charge of various Government schools. The Governor of the city of Cairo is an annual guest. Of course the American Diplomatic Agency is well represented. This year as on some other occasions, the diplomas were presented by the Consul-General himself. And the past two years we have been honored by the presence of the ladies from the Residency; last year Lady MacMahon, this year Lady Wingate.

This year, too, as never before, I think, I was conscious of the quality and significance of the audience as a whole, representative, as it is of our contituency. The obvious thing is, of course, that it is a high-class company. An educational worker from a sister mission remarked strongly on it. To her it was a visual demonstration that God has given us a chance to reach here an influential class of people—people of many lands and varying ideals—but all intelligent, cultivated representatives of their various spheres of life. They are united, too, in a common desire for the benefits of education for their daughters and in a more or less hearty admiration and appreciation of the character-ideals of this school. But how inadequate—how wide of the mark, indeed, is their appreciation of the why and the how of these same ideals. But it is cheering to turn to the daughters—to count in one's mind those who have learned the Way and to wonder about some others and to be sure, to quote the friend above mentioned, that "it is all making such a big difference in the lives of all these girls and in the future homes of Egypt."

Surely it is all worth a great deal, as we said at first—a great deal of work and prayer from day to day here at the front in Egypt. What is it worth to *you?*

MARY M. PATTISON.

COMMENCEMENT AT THE PRESSLY MEMORIAL INSTITUTE.
ASSIUT, EGYPT.

Commencement! Graduation! What girl does not love these words, and what woman do they not thrill with pleasant recollections, or with happy anticipations for her sons and daughters.

Here in Egypt we love it, too, and an ever increasing number of people of the land have come to look upon the Commencement time as of the happiest. It is always a joy to us Mission folk, for it is a great satisfaction thus year by year to send out into Egypt groups of young people prepared in mind and spirit to take their places in this land that so needs consecrated young men and women.

At the Pressly Memorial Institute we graduated our usual number—seven girls. (But let me whisper to you that we have a lovely big surprise for you for the class of 1918).

The class of 1917 was not a brilliant class, but they were mature, well-balanced, purposeful girls, and they have a very definite contribution to make to their needy country. Two go into direct Bible work (the first P. M. I. graduates to take up this as their life work—and that in spite of strong opposition from their home folk), one will take special training in Kindergarten work in our Alexandria school, one is teaching in her alma mater, one in a village, and two have definite responsibilities as home-makers!

At our Commencement, friends gathered from far and near, friends of the girls, of the school, of the Mission, of the cause of girls' education—a great crowd numbering over 2000. One poor Bible woman came (by the aid of a sympathetic Mission mother) a distance of two hundred and fifty miles to see her niece graduate. There was some difficulty in getting all the friends seated, and this poor woman had been pushed aside, but she said afterwards, "I didn't mind where they seated me, or whether I had a seat or not. All I wanted was to be where I could see my daughter, my beautiful daughter, on that platform."

After Commencement came the farewells. And, friends, we are thankful that we don't have to go through that ordeal more than once a year. Three of these girls had been in the boarding school from childhood, and they all loved it dearly. Some one said something to Senyora about loving the school. "Love it? Its very walls are dear to me!" Wasfa's agonized wail as she left her alma mater, "My mother! My mother! Oh, the farewell! The farewell!" voiced the feelings of all.

Friends said kind things about our graduation exercises, and the Cairo papers had long encouraging "write-ups," all of which we appreciate, but the words that have perhaps meant most to us have been from the girls themselves. One member of the class, in a recent letter, speaks thus of the school: "For it is a part of my heart, a part of my inner being. Nay, more, I can say with a clear conscience, I love it more than I love myself and my family. My father does not wish me to become a Bible woman, but I must do it. I must bear even persecution for my Master. Oh, that I had the patience of Miss (naming one of her teachers here), and the self-control of Miss ———, but as I write the tears will fall as I think of my dear school, my teachers and my schoolmates."

GRADUATING CLASS OF THE PRESSLY MEMORIAL INSTITUTE, ASSIUT.

Another writes: "Every night I dream of the school, but, alas, when the day comes I find it was only a dream. And now the school has opened again, and I am not there. I long for my beloved school. I have begun my work of teaching the women in Tanta, and I beg of you to pray for me, for I feel the need of much help and wisdom. I am longing greatly for all the school family. I remember you always in my prayers. Give my salutations to all the teacher, to the girls, and to the servants. Your loving daughter."

"I am writing my letter with a heart full of sorrow," another says, "for it makes me think of the dear ladies with whom I have spent many peaceful days. It reminds me of my mother, the school which God chose for my life to be in. May God bless this school and keep it from all evils forever, and make it a great blessing to the land of Egypt."

A letter from the weakest girl in the class touched our hearts: "It makes me sad to know that I shall not be returning to the dear school, and I am more sad when I remember how lacking I was in strength and in self-control, especially in those last days. I shall never forget your helpful words, and your golden counsel, which showed me the true mother love seeking to blot out all my mistakes. From all my heart I beg of you and Miss Criswell forgiveness for all my wrongs, and pardon for all the trouble I gave you throughout my school life. My love and appreciation of you all increase every day."

Has it paid, dear friends, to educate these girls?

Because of lack of room, this school during the past twelve months, has turned away from its doors thirty-five girls who coveted the same training these girls have had. How long must this continue? How long!

Yours for service among Egypt's daughters,

Ruth A. Work.
Anna B. Criswell.

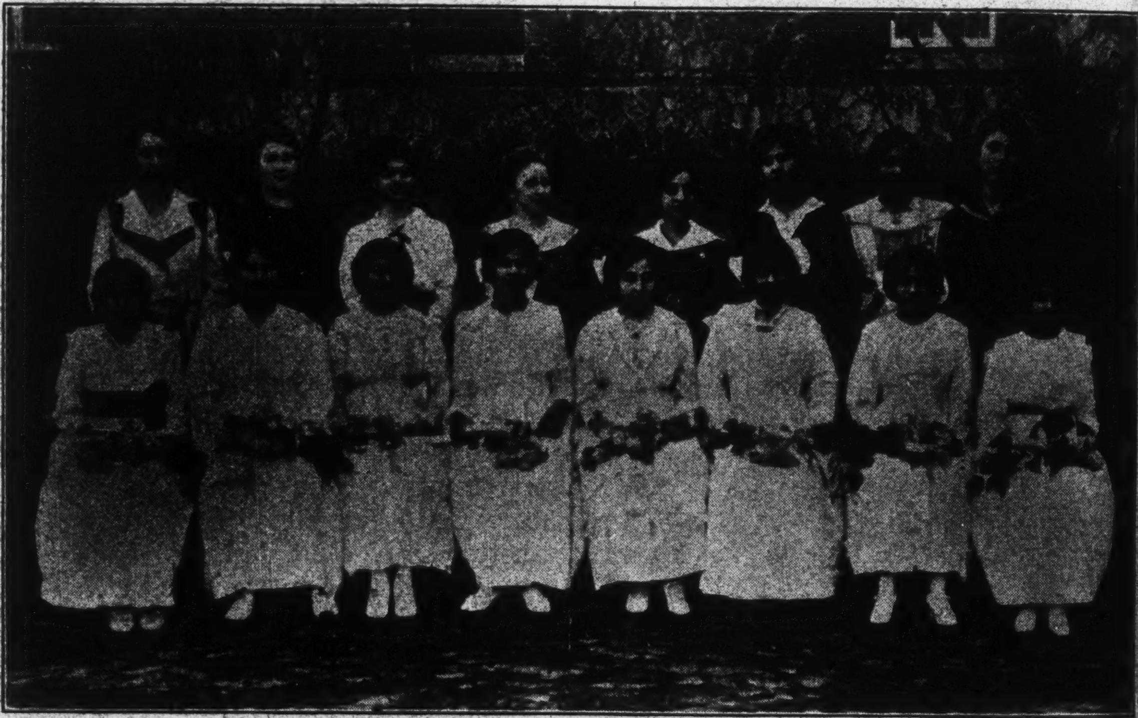
COMMENCEMENT AT LUXOR, EGYPT.

Luxor Girls' Boarding School graduated eight girls on December 21, 1917, a large class for our school. When I first came to Egypt it seemed all upside down to close the school year at Christmas when the long vacation comes in the summer. But most of April and all of May in Upper Egypt are hot with a continuous steady dry heat that burns up your energy and brains, so that a Commencement program at that time of year would be an impossibility in its preparation and hard on the audience.

Commencement in a girls' school here is quite different from one at home, much longer and more varied. Most of the girls in the Upper Country come from Christian homes, but poor homes. Their fathers are clerks in Government offices, farmers or laboring men. Many of them have brothers who are in school or have been. Perhaps half of them have fathers and more have mothers who cannot read or write. An education for girls is a new thing under the sun and strikes many as a pure waste of money, since they will not be wage earners later on. As long as we can educate them, or especially board them for almost nothing, the poorer people will gladly send us their girls, and mostly let them stay with us, graduate and work for a time at least, as teachers or Bible women. But if a man is able at all to support his family, it seems a shame and a blot to allow his daughter to earn money or to do anything outside the home. So our teachers, Bible women, and workers come mostly from the poorest of the poor. In other parts of Egypt there is a better spirit, but in Luxor the leaven has not had time to work as yet.

Of this class three day girls were from wealthy homes, two or three from families in moderate circumstances, and the others from the poor. Three of these girls wished very much to teach, but one of them is already married instead. Another is going to a village near Assuan to open a school and Sabbath School where there has been none. Two others will probably be married soon and the others be at home for a time first. Of the class that came before this one, three are teaching and two are at home. We are constantly having requests for teachers from nearby villages which we are unable to supply. But it is not only as teachers and Bible women that our girls are needed in Egypt. The contrast in the homes and in the care and training of the children where the mother is educated and where she is not, can easily be imagined. Try to picture a community where not more than a third of the population are Christian in name even, where there is a little church containing half a dozen or so women who can read and write, only, among its members. How would the Sabbath School, the Missionary Society and other church activities be carried on? How would the children be taught to honor and respect their parents, to be clean, true and intelligent? How are the non-Christians of the community to be reached, especially where men and women do not mingle in society? Then take two or three girls from such a village and put them in a boarding school. They learn not only the knowledge that comes from books, but how to be clean and keep clean, how to cook, wash dishes, keep a room clean and tidy, sew and mend, take care of little children, a little about nursing and proper remedies for the sick; that a dose of salts may be a better remedy for a persistent headache than a burn on the foot, and that cleanliness and keeping the flies away will prevent sore eyes. When they go back to their villages and homes to be the leaders there, think what it will mean to the church and community, and what an incentive they will be to other girls to go to school.

Now imagine the ignorant father or mother at our commencement. He sees all of our girls on the platform for the opening Psalm and welcome song. Then in the primary songs, the essays by the graduates, and the drills and dialogues he gets a glimpse of what the school means to his girl, and eagerly looks for her part on the program. It is a long program, about three hours aside from the sewing and cookery display that comes afterward. But the people seem never to tire of the songs and recitations and such. This year our biggest number was the "Triumph of Peace," as presented by about 25 of our older girls. Peace and War with their children, Invention, Prosperity, Fine Arts, Brotherhood, Valor, Destruction, Famine, Sorrow, Enmity, etc., are brought before the Judge, Humanity, by Truth and Justice to answer for their deeds, and War is declared to be the foe of the World. A real lesson in true values is taught and our girls did it all splendidly.



GRADUATING CLASS OF THE LUXOR GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL

Then the address was given and the diplomas presented by Dr. Zwemer, the audience giving close attention. At least 600 heard our two performances, and many received a new and higher ideal of the possibilities latent in the women and girls of the land, and a desire was enkindled in them that their girls might also share in this opportunity.

It is impossible to raise the standards and ideals of a race suddenly but the quickest and surest way is surely through reaching the future mothers of the land. To arouse the desire for an educated womanhood in the Upper Country, there must needs be yet much patient seed sowing, and much giving out of time and money with the eyes fixed on the harvest of the future years.

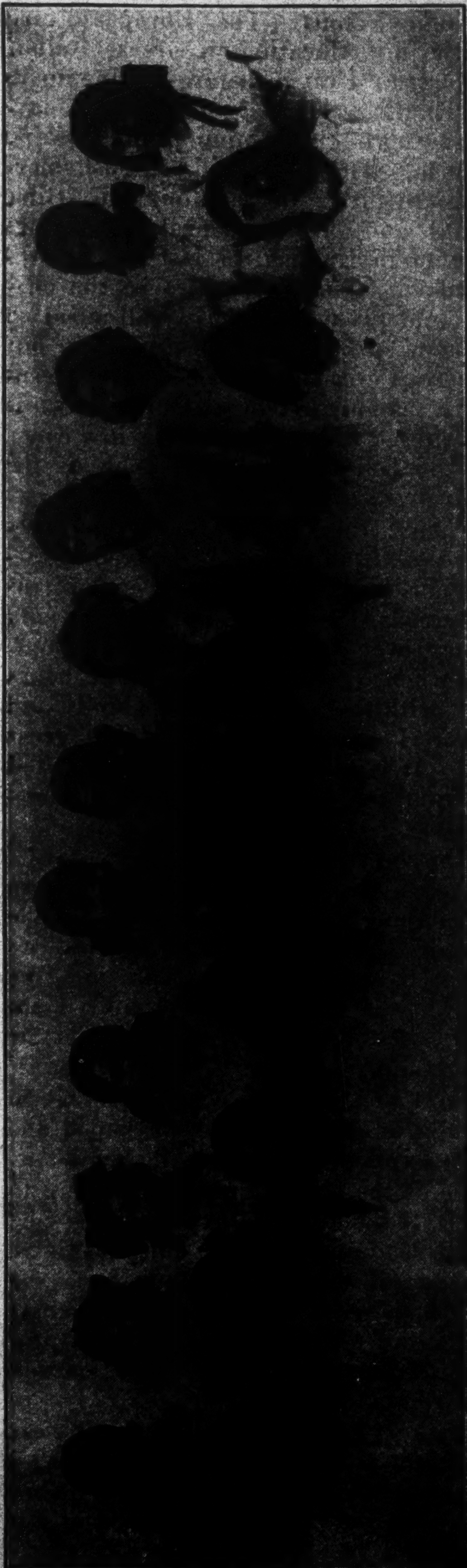
IDA WHITESIDE.

COMMENCEMENT AT EZBEKIAH GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL, CAIRO.

The photograph of our last graduating class is before me as I write. How many precious memories come to mind as I look into their faces! They are a strange mixture of nationalities and creeds. They represent Spain, France, Italy, Austria, Greece, Turkey and Egypt. They embrace the Protestant, Coptic, Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Armenian Orthodox, Armenian Protestant and Jewish religions. Two of them are daughters of native Egyptian pastors, one is the daughter of a very prominent Mohammedan convert.

They look very serious in this picture. It was taken the next morning after commencement, and the poor girls were tired, and very sad at the thought of leaving school. But we can testify that they are full of mischief and life. They have driven us into "wits' end corner" many a time, and each teacher thinks she has some new gray hairs as mementoes of them. But we love them and we love them hard. They have become a part of our life. They are the exponet of days, weeks, months, and years of wearisome toil. They are trophies of hard fought battles in the advanced line of school room trenches.

Their diplomas are a credit to them,



GRADUATING CLASS OF THE EZBEKIAH GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL, CAIRO.

and to us. The girls have worked hard at their lessons. The European girls had a fair education in Greek, Italian, German or French before coming to us for English. The Egyptian girls have had a thorough training in Arabic and English. They all speak English more or less fluently. We had our daily Bible lessons and mid-week prayer meetings together in English the last few months of school. That seemed to be the only time and place in which we all stood on common ground. In spite of our numerous creeds, we all believe in Jesus Christ as our Savior. Our Jewess is not quite convinced that He has come, but she believes in the Messiah of the Scriptures.

When I think of the vast differences in race and politics, and the dyed-in-the-wool customs and religions convictions and creeds, I marvel that our Lord and Master ever said we must all be one. But when I recall the precious hours spent with these girls in Bible study and prayer, I catch the secret of His great plan. It is this: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

"Do you read your Bible every day?" I asked a Greek girl one day, when we were having a heart to heart talk. She replied, "You know, Miss Barnes, we do not have the Bible as you do. We only have it in classic Greek and, I am sorry to say, very few of us can read it or understand it."

I said to her that we had given it to her now in English, and we hoped she would explain it to others in her home.

One of the Coptic girls was talking to me about some of her experiences. She always lead in prayer in our meetings, but she said that for a long time she had whispered a little Coptic prayer at the close of her prayer, as a sort of protection from the evil eye. She learned to leave that off.

Another girl said she knew it was wrong to worship pictures and images and she did not hesitate to tell her friends so, but they only laughed at her and called her "Protestanti."

Another girl held back a year or two from confessing her faith, but her face beamed one day as she said: "I now believe in Christ, and I am sure I am saved."

They have left us. They are now away from the restraining influences of our school. They no longer have the comfort and help of congenial companionship and Christian fellowship. They have entered a world of political and spiritual unrest. Many of them will have to work for their livelihood. All of them will have to come into contact with the degredating influences so active in this city, that is known the world over for its iniquity.

How will they stand life's tests? Have you and I done all we should for them?

Please let me add that I am only a temporary superintendent of this school. We hope to welcome Miss Martin back before long.

Ella M. Barnes.

COMMENCEMENT IN THE TANTA GIRLS' SCHOOL.

What is this unusual stir in the school today? It sounds as if some young Demosthenes were getting ready for some mighty effort. Such oratory is not the customary thing within these walls. Presently we hear the sound of girls' voices in singing and it isn't chapel time. A little later the principal meets the head teacher and asks if Alice is free. An affirmative answer being given it isn't long until we hear the poem, "An Order for a Picture," being recited and we are pleased at the earnestness with which the girl tries to carry out the suggestions of her teacher. The piano is next heard from as one of the girls labors over a schottishche to get the time and expression just right. As we see and hear the different activities we realize that a public program is in course of preparation. There is a suppressed excitement in the air. The girls of the graduating class are looked upon as fortunate beings indeed by the other girls.

They carry themselves with a seriousness and an abandon of happiness through these days that is pretty to wit ness. Many are the consultations held over important matters. The help of principal is sought when the question of the all-important dress is considered and she helps them in the selection of material and pattern. Every day is crowded with practicing and attending to the various matters incident upon a public entertainment. All of the city government officials, the prominent professional and business men, the church people and friends of the teaching staff, and the "fathers" of the pupils together with "some" of the mothers are invited to be present. In Egypt when anyone is left out it is the women.

At last the eventful evening arrives. The ten girls are early at the school and with the help of some of the teachers they dress themselves for the great occasion, and truly when the process is complete they look as sweet and pretty in their simple white dresses with their hair simply combed as the proverbial "sweet girl graduate."

The graduating exercises this year are to be held in one of the moving picture houses. The manager has been most kind in allowing practicing to go on at all hours and has accommodated the school in every possible way. When all are ready teachers and girls make their way to the place of the entertainment and find the house rapidly filling and crowds trying to gain entrance without the ticket of admission.

The exercises open with a prayer which is heartily applauded. It is followed by a welcome song by the four upper classes of the school. Then follow declamations, dialogues, songs, a piano solo and a drill and in all the girls do themselves credit. The audience gives the closest attention and is generous in its applause. It is pretty to see the innocent ease with which the girls take their part and while their hearts are beating so that they can almost hear them because of the unusual experience of appearing before the public they are beautifully lacking in self-consciousness. The cruel world has not yet stolen from them that sweet bloom of maiden innocence which is the peculiar charm of youth and the applause of the audience thrills them with happy pride.

GRADUATING CLASS OF THE TANTA GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL.

Then comes the climax of the evening when after a brief address the members of the class are presented with their diplomas. As each comes forward to receive her diploma she is greeted with the congratulatary applause of the audience.

As the audience passes out commendatory remarks are heard on every side of the conduct and ability of the girls. It sounds very sweet in the ears of the parents and brings a glow of satisfaction to the teachers.

And so one more little group of girls is prepared to go out into this great city and make better homes than their mothers have. One of these girls was a Mohammedan and she knew that as soon as she had finished school her freedom to come and go would be at an end, but none of the girls enjoyed her freedom more than she while she had it. I am sure every reader will be glad to know that the other nine girls of the class assured the principal before they left school of their acceptance of Christ and determination to live for Him. Earnest prayers are being offered that the good seed sown in Naainat's heart will spring up and grow yet and bear fruit to life everlasting.

This school is the only Girls' Day School of our Mission in a district of 1,500,00 souls and the only boarding school in all of the Delta outside of Cairo. The boarders come from the towns and villages of the district and surrounding country and we hope the school will touch and train more of these village girls in the future when the boarding accommodations are increased in our greatly longed for new building.

CAROL MCMILLAN.

Memorial to Mrs. T. E. Holliday, Missionary to India Twenty-eight Years.

Mrs. Jeannette Hopkins Stewart, Editor.

NOTE:—Mrs. Holliday was elected editor for the India Correspondence, October, 1917. Mrs. Holliday died December 28. Mrs. Stewart has been chosen to this work.—Ed. W. M. M.

CAMP RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. HOLLIDAY.

As I look back over the years spent with Mrs. Holliday in camp, the impression that comes most distinctly to me is that of her cheerfulness and the ability to find something pleasant even in an unpleasant situation. District missionaries living in a tent and moving camp every few days, do not have all the conveniences that we in the home-land find so necessary for house keeping or for our personal comfort. But I do not remember ever having heard Mrs. Holliday speak a word of complaint. She was always cheerful and bright. She was sympathetic with the native Christians and particularly helpful to the mothers in advice about the care of their children. They felt free to crowd into her tent and talk by the hour of their personal trials and problems.

Few days passed without sick persons being brought to the tents for medicine and she was very helpful in this part of the work. The picture comes back to me of her at the door of her tent helping hold an unruly child while she poured a dose of medicine down its throat. The children of this country know little of discipline and usually obey when it is a pleasure to them to do so or when they can't help it; and sometimes giving them medicine requires as much physical strength as professional skill, but if she thought the dose was needed it was usually given. In the meantime she would smile and address some pleasant remark to the mother.

Then her own little son was taken. The fact that his death sickness came to him in camp and was contracted through camp conditions, touched the village people deeply and everywhere we went they would crowd the tent to tell of their sympathy. They often wept and asked questions in a way that must have been very hard for her, but she would talk to them of the life that is life inde into which he had entered and her hope of the reunion with him. The memory of such is blessed.

MARY E. LOGAN.

Mrs. May Hays Holliday arrived in India in the autumn of 1889. Well does the writer recall her appearance as she alighted from the carriage which had brought her and her husband from the railway station; bright, glowing, enthusiastic, ready with heart and soul to enter upon the work to which she was devoting her life. Born of godly parents, and brought up among the beautiful hills of Belmont County, Ohio, nurtured in an atmosphere of purity and truth, her whole lovely life testified to the gracious influences of the surroundings which had blessed her from infancy.

As a mother and a home-maker she was ideal, as a loving, sympathetic friend she was ideal, and the same may be said of her as a missionary. From the beginning to the end of her missionary life her warm interest in the work and the people of India was deep and lasting. With her husband she was located at times, in several different districts of our Punjab field, but it was while Dr. Holliday had charge of the Christian Training Institute that the writer and her husband had the privilege of spending some months of 1910 and 1911 in their home, and of becoming more intimately acquainted with Mrs. Holliday as a mission worker. Neglecting no small duty to her family and home, she mothered the boys and encouraged and helped them in every good word and work. She took a special interest and delight in their Christian Endeavor societies, of two of which she had charge.

The mission has indeed lost a valuable and beloved fellow worker, the Indian church and people a helpful and sympathetic friend. But the loss to her immediate family, words fail when we think of what that must be. To the stricken husband here the loss is heavy and sore. A helpmate indeed, her going leaves the home desolate and shadowed, the husband bereft of the life companion who was the light of that home, and whose sympathy and counsel were always so ready and so valued. And our hearts go out to the dear daughters in the home-land from whom she parted not a year and a half ago. We know that their grief will be heavy for the loved mother whose face they will see no more until the resurrection morning, and we are praying that they may be upheld and strengthened to receive the sad message that is being borne to them across the wide seas. We commend them to Him Who has promised to "comfort as a mother comforteth"—their mother's God and heavenly Father Whom she loved and trusted, and in Whose service she laid down her life.

Truly God's ways are not our ways, but while we cannot now understand, yet we must know that His ways are right and His will good, and that He loves His dear children even while He afflicts them. And what we know not now we shall know hereafter. May we and all her dear ones trust as she trusted.

Only a few days before she was called above, a communication to the writer concerning the work closed with these words, "I am thankful to you all for your prayers. God is supplying my needs abundantly. Pray that I may be willing to trust the future to Him. Everything I have, my husband, my girls, everything." And in this trustful spirit she closed her eyes upon things of earth and awoke in His presence where there is fulness of joy forevermore.

E. F. STEWART.

When a year ago the Mission decided to send Dr. and Mrs. Holliday here to Sargodha we were very glad because we had longed so much to have a Memsahiba and we looked forward with great pleasure to her coming. We had great plans of how we were coming in from camp to give them a royal welcome when they arrived just fresh from America. Contrary to our expectations, however, they stole a march on us and arrived in Sargodha unexpectedly one morning.

That evening word reached us out in camp that the Dr. Sahib and Memsahiba had arrived and were planning to start out to camp as soon as possible. A few days after that they spent a day in our camp and it was with great pleasure that we listened to all the interesting home news from the newly returned travellers. How familiar and yet how strange it sounded to hear the election news, to hear what people were doing over there in far away America and what they were thinking about the Great War; also to hear about the trip out and about places where such things as electric lights, warmly heated houses, beautiful carpets and all the luxuries of civilization really existed. It was with great reluctance that we saw them leave and start out into their half of the district alone to take up the work of the camping season.

They were long lonely months for Mrs. Holliday just fresh from the companionship of her daughters at home and it was with mutual joy that we renewed our acquaintance when we came in from camp in March. To Miss Strong and me she was like a mother, counseling us, advising us, and helping us in many ways out of that rich experience gained from almost thirty years spent in India. She came to fill a large place in our hearts and lives, and not in ours only, but in the lives of all with whom she came in contact, be they Indian or English.

Always cheerful, interested, and bubbling over with enthusiasm she brought new life into our church, and Sabbath school. Her heart went out in love and sympathy to the little Hindu and Mohammedan boys who each Sabbath day gathered at the church door to see the motor arrive. She soon gathered them in a little Sabbath school class around the motor and by means of pictures and stories from the life of Christ held their attention and so won their love that many of them were faithful in attendance all through the long hot summer months.

As I went with her into the villages this fall I often marveled at the quickness and readiness with which she entered into the lives of the village women. No matter how trivial the conversation, she never failed to reach their hearts and lift their minds to something higher. She was first of all a mother and her heart went out to the poor suffering children victims of carelessness and ignorance. For all the sick, the suffering and the bereaved her sympathy was boundless. I like best to think of her as I saw her one day shortly before she left us. News had just come to one old woman of the death of her two small grand children and the women of the village had come together to mourn with her. I felt so helpless, hardly knowing what to do or say but Mrs. Holliday very simply and quietly but with wonderful sweetness told them of her only son, her own beloved John, and how the loving heavenly Father had seen fit to take him. As she told them of the comfort and blessing she had received through him I saw a look of deep peace and joy come over the faces of those women and I know from the quiet way in which they left after the meeting that they went away with a new peace and joy in their hearts. She lived the victorious life. She had triumphed over death and out of the depths of her own experience could speak words of comfort as only they can who have suffered.

I often think of a remark she made to me this fall as we were talking of the work when she said, "I have never had such a longing to tell others as I have had this fall. I feel that God has great things in store for us." She was always ready but this fall she did seem to be literally burning with a desire to see souls brought into the kingdom. Yet in the midst of all this eager glowing enthusiasm when she heard the Master's call how calmly and trustfully she wrote back from the hospital, "It is all right now. The clouds drop dew. God gave me that yesterday. Clouds are the outcome of sunshine, they are the means God uses to refresh the earth. But in the meantime what about the women of South Sargodha? They are the sheep of His pasture, too, so He will surely supply their needs." Even when the news came that her disease was cancer and that of the very worst type how courageously she faced the prospect of days and months of pain and suffering. We can only thank God through our tears, that He in His tender mercy took her to Himself. She longed to serve and He has called her out into the larger service. We miss her sweet counsel and companionship but we rejoice in the rich heritage she has left us.

RUTH A. WARNOCK.

MRS. T. E. HOLLIDAY AS I KNEW HER IN HER HOME.

A worthy woman who can find,
For her price is far above rubies.
A worthy woman is the crown of her husband.
She looketh well to the ways of her household.
She stretcheth out her hand to the poor;
Yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy.
Her children rise up and call her blessd.
A woman that feareth Jehovah, she shall be praised.. And let her works praise her in the gates.

Surely this description applies to "Mother" Holliday. Mother, she allowed us who lived in her home in 1909 to call her. Mrs. Ayers, (nee Elizabeth Lawrence), Roma Beatty, my husband and I were told at our first annual meeting that we were to stay with the Hollidays, to study the language; but never were we allowed to feel the time spent in their home was "staying." We were at home with the Hollidays—part of the Holliday family.

No one knows yet what happened to the new folks of 1909, but four of us were carried into the Hollidays on beds, too ill to care what happened, and from the very start we felt the tender care of Mrs. Holliday. The night she put her arms around me, a frightened, homesick girl, and told me that if God should take away my husband, He was doing it in love, for He is love; she became Mother Holliday to me. No one could have done more for a lonesome lot of strangers in a foreign land than she did for us. She helped us to understand and appreciate the new country and strange people at their true value, and never was too busy to help us in any difficulty with a tactful suggestion.

In later years when we had places of our own in the mission a visit to Bara Patthar, the Holliday home, was just next best to one to our own parents' homes. The sweet memory of the sympathy and love she so freely gave during our little son's babyhood, long sickness and death, we shall always cherish.

Mrs. Holliday occupied a large place in the lives of the little boys of the Christian Training Institute of which Dr. Holliday was then superintendent. She looked after the making and mending of their clothes; she gave them medicine as needed; bound up their stubbed toes and cut fingers, taught them their Bible lessons on Sabbath; in fact, in large measure provided for them the mother influence so vital to American children but so often lacking among Indian women.

She helped her husband so much by her interest, enthusiasm and unfailing faith in the great work they together had undertaken. What Padri Labblm Mall said at her funeral, we know to be very true, that Dr. Holliday could never have been able to be such an untiring worker if Mrs. Holliday had not been so unfailing in her interest and sympathy.

The women of the compound never found her too busy to listen to their troubles or to speak the ready word of spiritual teaching.

Her treatment of her servants, too, was a helpful lesson to us. She held them to their duty with a firm hand and refused poor work, yet did it in such a way that they were her good friends.

What a great pleasure her letters from her girls at school in the hills and in America gave her! She kept in very close touch with them and though far distant was a very immediate influence in their lives.

One might tell many things that have been said in praise of her but the explanation of them all is as Soloman said, "A woman that feareth Jehovah, she shall be praised and her works do praise her in the gates.

MABEL YOUNG CAMPBELL.

Several times during the last two months the thought has come to me that had I been a skeptic concerning the reality of Divine help in time of trouble the experience with Mrs. Holliday would have changed me.

Just after Thanksgiving Mrs. Holliday came to Sialkot to consult me about a lump which she had discovered in her left breast. She said she knew a painless lump was often a sign of cancer and thought best to have a physician's opinion. I examined and found a tumor in each breast, and advised going to Ludhiana to consult with Dr. Edith Brown the head of the medical school there and one of the most capable of India's surgeons. None of the missionaries in the station had been told of her trouble and in the three days that Mrs. Holliday was with us in Sialkot no one of them discovered that she was facing the terrible possibility of cancer. Her interest in her work in Sargodha was as enthusiastic as ever. Only those who knew Mrs. Holliday could appreciate the wealth of enthusiasm with which she did all of her work. We visited with each other and talked over our affairs and interests just as we had always done.

On the eighth of December Dr. and Mrs. Holliday and myself went to Ludhiana. The trip of two hundred miles was to me like our other trips. I remember that on the train I used to look at Mrs. Holliday and wonder how she could keep from talking about what she might have to pass through, but seldom a word did she say about the future. I asked her about it one time and she said she did not want to make others miserable all of the time. She said if she were being strong it was because of the help from above.

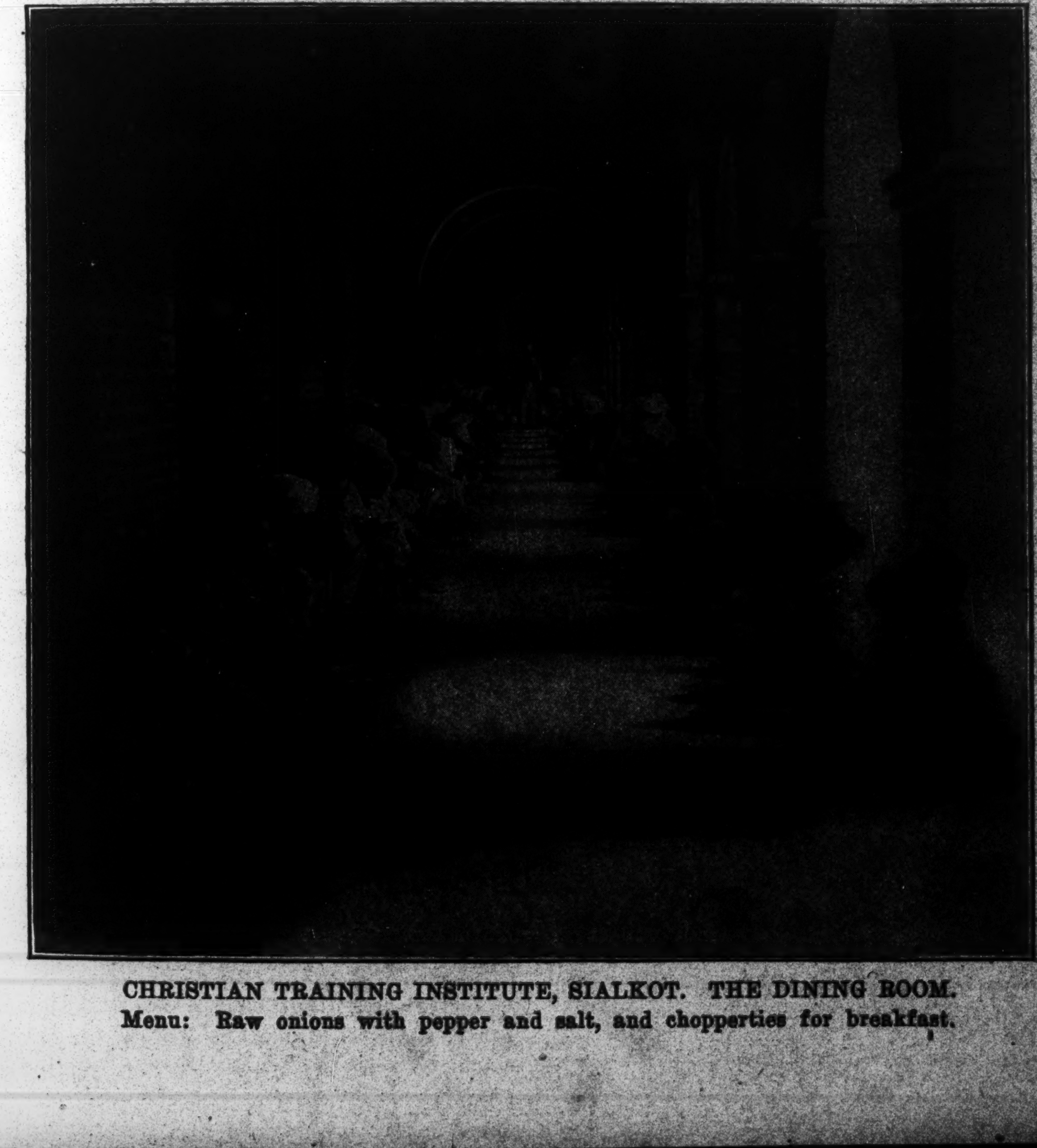
Monday, the tenth of December, Dr. Brown removed the tumor. I returned home at once after the operation. The report of the microscopical test came back in a few days, a rapidly growing malignant tumor. When the report came back for a short time the deep waters seemed to overwhelm her. She wrote, "You know we may think we have faced a possibility but when it becomes a reality we feel the blow no matter how well we may have thought ourselves prepared. The doctor feels there is no doubt about the malignancy and feels that the other breast should be removed. If I live through the second operation I want to go to your place as soon as possible and there await future developments. I wonder what they will be. Thank the Father He knows and He has it all in His hands. Surely when He so loved me that He was willing that His only Son, One Who had never crossed Him in any way, should die for me, will He not with Him freely give me all things? Yes patience and grace as needed. O I have been in sad need of help and He has not failed me. Could not I do some Bible work among the women in your hospital. Then if the disease does not progress rapidly I might even go back to Sargodha, since I do not suffer I want to work and redeem the short time that may be mine."

A few days after I received this letter I received another in which she said, "I have put it down in my mind that after the wail I sent you in my other letter it was your due to have a different kind of a letter. I have my feet on the Rock again and can and do sing praise. I would certainly be ungrateful did I not. I sleep and eat and talk and write and sew and visit with other patients and have many opportunities to tell the story of Christ's love."

On the twenty-seventh of December we went to Ludhiana for the second operation. She seemed to be her cheerful happy self. Again we talked and visited and I wondered how she could so deliberately put all thoughts of the morrow's ordeal and the awful possibilities of the future away from her as she did. Friday morning she walked to the operating room. Just before the anesthetic was started she said something about awakening in the presence of the King. After the anesthetic was started and she was losing consciousness we heard her murmur, "Perfect peace, His mind staid on Thee, the Lord is my Shepherd." All seemed to be getting on well, the anesthetic was fairly started, in the hands of a careful anesthetist when suddenly the pulse stopped and the breathing ceased. Every method known to the three physicians present was tried to help her recover from the shock. We never met with one response. After an hour and twenty minutes of work we had to stop and come to the conclusion that death had come at once due to heart failure.

From the nature of the cells in the cancer as seen under the microscope we were positive that the cancer in the breast was secondary to a growth in some other organ, but we were unable to locate the primary growth. The terrible suffering which cancer so often brings to its victim was spared her and for this we are thankful. We cannot help but wonder why this should have come to one who was so interested in the work of spreading the knowledge of the love of Christ, one who was so capable in everyway. "We trust but do not understand."

WILHELMINA JONGEWAARD, M. D.



CHRISTIAN TRAINING INSTITUTE, SIALKOT. THE DINING ROOM.
Menu: Raw onions with pepper and salt, and chopperties for breakfast.

EDITORIAL

MRS. GEORGE M. MOORE, EDITOR,
XENIA, - OHIO.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

Every preparation has been made by the people at Pittsburgh for this large meeting. It will be the best meeting in thirty-five years if we go in the spirit of supplicating thanksgiving, and praise. We are wholly dependant upon the Holy Spirit to guide us in all the proceedings of that meeting. We will not fail in our endeavor to advance the Kingdom of Christ if we ask God to go with us and guide us in everything we undertake for Him.

The year that is past is one unlike any other in the experience of our church and our nation. Our church is awakening to the tremendous responsibility it has known existed but it has not planned for it. Since 1903 we have talked about what it might do if enough missionaries were enlisted. Now we are face to face with the necessity to act and act as if we intended to do something.

In our nation everyone must assume a part in order to defend liberty and justice to all. We are going to the Convention hoping to see our opportunity and rejoice in the privilege of service.

* * *

TAKE NOTICE.

All persons going to the Women's General Covention at Pittsburgh, May 17-21, will need to clip from the *United Presbyterian,* issue of April 25, the directions for street car service. You will find it on page 25, cut it out, place it in your purse and use it and you will have no anxiety about your final destination—Fourth Church, N. S., Pittsburgh. Watch for the white caps! Also read your printed directions. Cut that slip out now before you forget it!

* * *

A MESSAGE FROM THE SECOND VIC PRESIDENT OF THE CONVENTION.

As the days draw near for the Annual Convention, at which will pass in review the work of the year which is ending, and the women will receive their plan of campaign for another year, we seek a clear view of the great task before us.

The world today so full of strife and sorrow is claiming our time and service in many ways; and we as patriotic women, loving our country and the right, are dedicating ourselves to the winning of this great war.

Wonderful is the response to our country's call for men to go, and women at home to work, and give and sacrifice, to bring about peace and freedom. The world is longing for peace and is ready to pay any price for it; greater still is its need of the Prince of Peace. Are we willing to pay the price that it may have Him?

In recognizing our duty to contribute in every possible way to the accomplishment of the mighty task that faces our nation, which is depending so largely on the church and its members, we need to keep clearly before us the still higher obligation of faithfulness to the supreme mission of the church, as presented in its "Marching Orders," "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

We are learning that we can find time for Red Cross and other war work, and can deny ourselves many things we once thought necessary; can give far beyond that which a year ago would have seemed possible, and can do all this willingly, even eagerly, for a cause that has gripped our hearts.

Is this not teaching us the way of service and sacrifice, by which alone we can measure up to the obligation and opportunity of a yet worthier cause, the winning for the Christ the world for which He died?

Our duty is apparent in view of the call of our regiments who are fighting the King's battles in Egypt, India and the Sudan. With depleted ranks their call is for 407 missionary reinforcements to hold the line and win the victory. Let us answer "Here am I send me!" and provide liberal support for all who are able to go.

We are praying for peace, we are praying for workers for our mission fields, we are praying "Thy Kingdom Come." Are we meeting the conditions upon which He has promised the answer? "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

MRS. R. W. BURNSIDE,
2nd Vice President.
Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

THE POWER-HOUSE AT PATHANKOT.

By Miss Mary J. Campbell.

Readers of the Women's Missionary Magazine are acquainted with the writer of this new book. Miss Campbell went to the foreign field when missions had not the hold upon the church that it has now. Just a young girl, but she got the vision early and the Lord has used her in a wonderful way during all the *thirty-two* years of her mission work in India.

Miss Campbell has found time to write of some of her experiences in the mission field: "One Hundred Girls in India," "The Daughters of India," "The Power-House at Pathankot." It is of the last contribution to Christian Missions we now write. This is a story of about 192 pages of a remarkable transformation in the individual and civic life of the community at Pathankot, India. An experience wrought out through the prayer room of the Avalon School at Pathankot.

The story is in book form handsomely bound and well illustrated, it is the textbook recommended by the Foreign Board for mission study classes.

It is sufficient to recommend it that a review of this book has been made, chapter by chapter, by Miss Anna Milligan, Educational Secretary of Foreign Board in our Christian Union Herald. We hope the sale of this delightful story, worked out through prayer, may find a large sale not only in the United Presbyterian Church but in all Temperance organizations as it is one of the most remarkable temperance stories we have read. The price is 60c. in cloth. Order from 200 North 15th St., Philadelphia.

A MESSAGE FROM THE FIRST VICE PRESIDENT OF THE CONVENTION.
THE DOLLAR SHOWER.
WE CAN AND WE WILL!

Is it because the appeals for money these days come so frequently that they are hailed as a privilege and not a stern duty? Isn't it time that the grace of giving is growing as we have never seen it heretofore?

The announcement of a "Silver Dollar" Offering at the Thank-Offering service in our Convention meets hearty approval on all sides.

Let every officer, delegate and visitor plan to bring a dollar, and if you can't COME, SEND the dollar. Let your gift be consecrated by love and sacrifice and prayer, and we will have an offering worthy of the memorable occasion—our Thirtieth Anniversary.

A Thousand Dollars at our Saturday night meeting in Pittsburgh! Hear the chorus of joyful response from all the women whose hearts have stirred them up—even a glad host of the willing-hearted.

WE CAN AND WE WILL!

MRS. C. C. KYLE.

THANK OFFERING

EDITED BY MRS. MARY CLOKEY PORTER.
2828 Perrysville Ave., North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Business Address,
905 Publication Building, Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE ONE TALENT WOMAN.

She couldn't sing—she couldn't play,
She couldn't speak—she couldn't pray,
She tried to read, but broke right down,
Then sadly grieved at smile and frown.

While some with talents ten begun,
She started out with only one.
"With this" she said, "I'll do my best
And trust the Lord to do the rest."

Her trembling hand and tearful eye,
Gave forth a world of sympathy.
When all alone with one distressed
She whispered words that calmed her breast.

And little children learned to know,
When grieved and troubled where to go.
She loved the birds, the flowers, the trees,
And loving her—her friends loved these.

Her homely features lost each trace
Of homeliness, and in her face,
There beamed a kind of tender light
That made surrounding features bright.

When illness came she smiled at fears
And bade her friends to dry their tears,
She bade "Good-bye"—and all confess
She made of life a grand success.

—Adapted from Presbyterian Journal.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

The Rabbis have a legend that on the Passover night, when the Israelites were waiting a signal for their departure from Egypt, there was in one of the Jewish homes a sick girl, who asked her father repeatedly if the blood had been sprinkled on the lintel of the door. Not being satisfied with his oft assurances that it had been properly attended to, she begged him for her sake to go and see. He went outside the door and looked, and no blood was there. He made haste to bring the basin with the branch of hyssop, and had just sprinkled the lintel, when a shadow fell upon him. He looked up, and lo! the destroying angel was passing by.

The destroying angel is hovering over the land of Egypt with her ten million, and over, the five million in the Punjab, India, and over the unnumbered heathen in our own America, whom God had given into the care of our own United Presbyterian Church. But few of these millions have had the saving blood of Jesus sprinkled upon their hearts.

Reader! What, if even *one* of these precious souls should be *lost* because *you failed to do your part toward making known to him the way of escape?*

The door of opportunity to give the gospel to the spiritually needy through your prayers plus your gifts still stands open to you. Will you not enter? Or will you pass it by, waiting for "a more convenient season" that may never come to you?

Which? Jesus awaits your answer.

May God help you to decide.

A NEW VISION.

Surely God's people have a new vision of what God requires of them as His stewards.

The new spirit of service called into being through war conditions has awakened the Christian women of our land to a greater realization than ever before of the world's need of Christ Jesus as the Saviour.

They are praying as never before: They are sacrificing to serve as never before: They are self-denied in order to give as never before. What does it all mean?

Through suffering and sorrow are we simply pleading for more temporal blessings, or are we being drawn closer and closer to our Lord day by day?

Are we serving more because it is now popular to serve, or because we are wholly prompted through love and sympathy for our fellow men?

Are we denying ourselves because the government demands it, or are we self-denied in order to give because it is pleasing to our God?

Reports of the various missionary organizations show advance all along the line.

Through prayers, service and self-denial they have achieved great things for the Thank-Offering Department during a year of stress upon time and pocket books, so that 1917 will go down into history as one of the great achievements during God's testing time.

The spirit of sympathy has been aroused with generosity as a result.

Someone has said, "The multitude has contracted the giving habit." May this habit that carries so many rich blessings to the individual giver and to the world continue to grow until the gospel story will have reached all nations and all peoples even "to the utter most parts of the earth."

A PERSONAL APPEAL TO YOU.

"The King's business requires haste."

It means very much for the "King's Business" which you good United Presbyterian women have in charge, whether or not the full $100,000 Thirtieth Anniversary Thank-Offering will be laid upon God's altar on Thank-Offering evening of the May Convention, May 18, 1918.

It will mean a loss in every department of the work—in support of schools, hospitals, payment of salaries, etc.—if the goal is not reached.

The Thank-Offering "Drive" which opened in the columns of the United Presbyterian January 10, 1918, called for $8,000 in special gifts to enable the Women's Board to reach the goal of $100,000 for 1917.

The zeal and enthusiasm manifested throughout the entire year by the missionary societies enabled them to reach the large sum of $92,000. But their account with the treasurer of the Women's Board closed with January 1, 1918, and the books could not be opened. Besides it would have interfered possibly with the gifts to the 1918 Thank-Offering had appeals been made to societies for the needed $8,000, hence appeals for the $8,000 have been made to individuals.

The response has been liberal, even from unexpected sources. Each giver has done his or her part, but what of the many who, as yet, have made no response to the appeal?

Reader! Have you sent a special gift toward making up the full $100,000? *Why not?* With high cost of living on all our mission fields, expense of travel to and from the field, etc., large gifts have never been so much needed by our Women's Board as today.

Special gifts toward the Anniversary Thank-Offering should be in the hands of the Treasurer, Mrs. J. B. Hill, 5845 Marlborough St., Pittsburgh, Pa., before May 18, 1918.

COME TO THE MAY CONVENTION.

How?

1. *Come prayerfully.* Begin, continue and end your journey in prayer, for the officers of the Convention, for all who are to have part on the program, for the Women's Board, for the living messengers from the mission fields at home and abroad, for the delegates, life members, life directors and visitors and for the busy local committees who bear the heavy burden during the entire five days.

2. *Come joyously.* Come ready to give a smile and a hearty hand shake to all with whom you meet. Take delight in everything that comes to you if you would return home happy and ready to "pass on" the rich blessings you have received to others less favored than yourself.

3. *Come with an expectant spirit.* Expect great things and you will find every hour full of them.

4. *Come with an open mind.* Be ready to take in all the helps that will serve you in your work in the coming year. Some plans presented may not be

in full accord with your own, but keep yourself open to conviction.

5. *Come with "a new song of praise" in your heart.* Be ready to sing with Thanksgiving and joy, on Thank-Offering evening, for past blessings and mercies which "are more than can be numbered."

6. *Come with earnest desire—*
To pray more earnestly,
To serve more faithfully.
To read more intelligently.
To give more liberally.
To love more sympathetically.

SUMMER SCHOOLS OF MISSIONS AND CONFERENCES FOR 1918.

Northfield, Mass	July 9-17
Winona Lake, Ind.	June 20-27
Boulder, Colo.	June 12-19
Chautauqua, N. Y.	August 18-25
Minnesota	June 3-8
Oklahoma City	June 3-8
Montreat, N. C.	July 14-21
Los Angeles, Calif.	June 3-10
Mount Hermon, Calif.	July 6-13
New Wilmington, Pa.	August 9-18
Chambersburg, Pa. (Foreign)	June 27-July 3
Chambersburg, Pa. (Home)	July 3-7
Princeton, N. Y.	July 20-28
Tarkio, Mo.	July 26-Aug. 4
Lakeside, Ohio	July 25-28
Sterling, Kans.	August 16-25
Mountain Lake Park, Md.	Aug. 13-20
Deland, Fla.	Jan. 26-Feb. 2, 1919
Xenia, Ohio	August 10-18
Monmouth, Ill.	July 19-28
Wooster, Ohio	July 27-Aug. 3

(MRS.) MARY CLOKEY PORTER.
Chairman Summer School Committee of Federation of Women's Boards.

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERS.

From March 16, 1918, to April 15, 1918.
($25.00 Each).

1. Mrs. W. G. Wilson, Camden, Ala. By Alabama Division of Tennessee Presbytery.
2. Miss Margaret Milligan, Holton, Kansas.
3. Mrs. Ira Anderson, West Middlesex, Pa. By Lebanon W. M. S.
4. Mrs. Bessie Bruce Wilson, 5443 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. By her husband Rev. John B. Wilson.
5. Mrs. Mary J. Plummer, member W. M. S., 1st, Cleveland.
6. Mrs. F. O. Ross, North Galloway St., Xenia, Ohio.
7. Miss Ida May Lyle, Dalzell Ave., Ben Avon, Pa.
8. Miss Caroline Martin, South Fremont Ave., Bellevue, Pa.
9. Miss Lou A. Berryhill, Hickory, Pa. By the Y. W. M. S.
10. Mrs. Robert Crawford, Follansbee, W. Va.
11. Mrs. George A. Hill, Newton, Iowa, of Palo Alton congregation.
12. Mrs. Matthew Robertson. In Memoriam. By her daughter, Jennie Robertson, Des Moines, Iowa.
13. Mrs. A. G. Donaldson.
14. Mrs. F. B. Chambers, St. George St., East Liverpool, Ohio. In memory of Mrs. Mary E. Chambers.
15. Mrs. R. C. Morton, 2020 Perrysville Ave., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
16. Mrs. James R. MacGregor. By her son, Capt. Basil N. MacGregor.
17. Mrs. George d'Infreville.
18. Mrs. C. E. Trainor, 1307 Albert St., New Castle, Pa. In memory of her mother.
19. Mrs. Etha Lorimer Leedom, Norwich, Ohio. By her sister, Mrs. F. P. Hastings.
20. Miss Lulu Henderson, Cedarville, Ohio. By "A Friend."
21. Mrs. Rebecca A. Borland, Hartstown, Pa. By families of J. R. Patterson and A. J. Blair.
22. Miss Jennie Lytle. By Friends.
23. Mrs. A. M. McKee, 306 Penn Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.
24. Mrs. John Morrison, 538 Hastings St., Pittsburgh, Pa. By "A Friend."
25. Miss Elizabeth Wishart, 1701 Termon Ave., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. By "A Friend."
26. Mrs. D. M. Campsey, Claysville, Pa. By her husband.
27. Mrs. J. C. Gibney, Valley Center, Route 2, Kansas. By Sunnydale W. M. S.

28. Miss Mame C. Smith, 2335 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa. By W. M. S., Norris Square Church, Philadelphia.
29. Miss Margaret J. Eaton. By W. M. S., North Church, Philadelphia, Pa.
30. Mrs. W. E. Minteer, Struthers, Ohio. By W. M. S., Poland.
31. Mrs. Margaret Frank, Kirkwood, Ill. By her sister, a member of W. M. S. of Kirkwood, Ill.
32. Mrs. Laura Patterson Gilchrist, Monmouth, Ill. By Elizabeth Gordon Circle, 2nd Monmouth.
33. Rev. Andrew Renwick, Gladstone, Ill. By W. M. S., South Henderson, Ill.
34. Miss Blanche Turnbull, Cedarville, Ohio. By her mother.
35. Mrs. Margaret J. Campbell. (In Memoriam). By her children.
36. Miss Elizabeth J. Bell, Falls Creek, Pa. By her brother, A. L. Bell.
37. Mrs. John W. Glenn, Slippery Rock, Pa. By her husband.
38. Mrs. James Moore, Hanover, Ill.
39. Mrs. Thomas M. Elliott, Prairie, Ala. By Alabama Division of Tennessee W. M. S.
40. Miss Mary E. Ross. By W. M. S., 7th Church, Philadelphia, Pa.
41. Mrs. Addie Stewart, Stafford, Kansas. By her husband.

CORRECTION.

Mrs. Joseph Reed, Venice, Pa. By her two daughters.

LIFE DIRECTORS.

1. Mrs. J. P. MacDanel. By her son.
2. Mrs. J. Alvin Orr. By a friend.
3. Mrs. K. C. Johnston. By her son.
4. Mrs. Collingwood. By her son.
5. Mr. Lelo Collingwood. By his mother.
6. Mrs. E. M. Hill.
7. Mrs. Anna M. Scott.
8. Mrs. D. Emmet Alter. By her mother, Mrs. J. C. Alter.
9. Mrs. W. B. Boies.

MEMORIAL ROLL.

1. Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Savage. By their daughter, Mrs. M. Alexander.
2. Capt. John Paisley. By his wife.
3. Miss Mary Anderson. By her sister, Miss Sarah Anderson.
4. Mrs. Emma H. Brown. By her husband.
5. Mr. and Mrs. William Miller. By their daughter, Mrs. H. C. Campbell.
6. Mrs. Mary G. George. By her son, Mr. W. S. George.

Mrs. J. B. Hill,
Treasurer.

LIFE ANNUITY BONDS.

The Sterling Convention of the Women's General Missionary Society instructed its Board to issue four classes of Life Annuity Bonds, viz:

Class 1. When the annuitant is under forty years of age, pays 4½%.

Class 2. Where the annuitant is between forty and fifty years of age, pays 5%.

Class 3. Where the annuitant is between fifty and seventy-five years of age, pays 6%.

Class 4. Where the annuitant is seventy-five and over, pays 7%.

Annuitants may designate the principal of the bonds for the use of any department of the work of the Women's General Missionary Society they prefer.

Church women should buy bonds that will support the work of the women for women after the annuitant has gone to her reward. For further information address Mrs. H. C. Campbell, 2006 Wendover St., Pittsburgh.

YOUNG WOMEN

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,
MISS IDA B. LITTLE,
132 Allison Avenue, - - Washington, Pa.

MOTTO: "TRUSTING IN HIM."

AIM: "COURAGE THAT DARES, IF NEED BE, FAILS, BUT DARES NOT FAIL TO TRY."

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORKERS:

Miss Roma Beatty, Pasrur, India.
Miss Edna Jean Giffen, Cairo, Egypt.
Miss E. Margaret Rogers, Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Eleanor W. Maconachie, Pathankot.
Miss Davida M. Finney, Monsourah, Egypt.
Miss Christianita Totten, Henderson, N. C.

NEW SOCIETIES.

Philadelphia Presbyterial, Wallace Memorial Y. W. Guild, Washington, D. C., 35 members; President, Miss Frances Gutchins.

ATTENTION! REST ARMS!

Order I. Wilson College Summer School of Missions, Chambersburg, Pa.

Order II. June 27-July 7, 1918.

Order III. Apply *at once* to the undersigned for registration blanks.

Order IV. *All registration blanks returned with the registration fee* $2.00 *to the undersigned not later than May* 25.

"Hut" attractions:—

Such hostesses as Chambersburg can be.

Such leaders as Mrs. H. W. Peabody, Mrs. Helen B. Montgomery, Mrs. W. H. Farmer, Miss Mary Peacock, Miss Anna A. Milligan and other strong ones.

Such speakers as Dr. Arthur J. Brown, Dr. Warfield and numerous missionaries.

Such music as Mrs. Elsie Stewart Hand can bring forth from the Girls' Choir.

Such fellowship as only such a purpose in coming together can elicit.

Final injunction: *Be careful to observe the order to the letter or the worst may happen—you may be court martialed—shut out of camp.*

IDA B. LITTLE.
132 Allison Ave., Washington, Pa.

EXISTING OR LIVING.

The age in which we are living is noted for its constant, persistent activity. It is truly an unceasing succession of momentous events. We might in a sense say with the poet that "we are living in a grand and awful time." Grand as to its wonderful achievements and undreamed of spirit of sacrifice on the part of thousands, old and young; awful as to the calamities all over the world; the death and destruction carried on so wantonly.

Busy? There is no name for the rush on every side! It seems that we are caught in the tide and are being borne away whether we will or not. An irresistible, impelling force is about us. It it either go or be overwhelmed.

The question is: Are we existing or living? It depends upon our purpose for activity. The selfish person exists although she may be very active. Misplaced energy amounts to existence. The indolent person exists. Mere activity then does not imply living. It must be activity borne of a right purpose. Only that which is done for the betterment of man and for God's glory has any real life about it. "Only what is done for Christ will last."

So many people are willing to go "halves" in this life, half-live, half-exist; a sort of a caricature on life. What a monstrosity is the statue, half beast, half man! How God must be disappointed in His crowning creation, which seems to be satisfied to live partly like God, partly like the world!

Without a doubt, the world war is on us today because men have chosen to live on the lower plane. Great catastrophes have come about because of man's inhumanity to man. The baser things have claimed the attention.

The church and its activities would be the paramount factors if people really lived today. The missionary organizations would embrace all Christians if people really lived. Only two outstanding motives in life—love for God and love for men.

A beautiful life has just closed. One of God's jewels has been gathered home. She was an attractive young woman, possessing many charms, chief of which was her meek and humble spirit. She had a liberal education; was a practicing physician. Her delight was to minister to the lowly and suffering. She loved her home, her children, her church, her Master. Like her Master, she went about doing good. She lived! Death released her to the fuller, freer life.

Somehow cannot we get the vision? Existence is best for the lower creation. Life is for God's own. Why be content to stay in the shadow when God made us to live in the sunshine?

A new year has opened to us. Will it mean for us life or mere existence? Each must answer for herself.

—I. B. L.

FOR USE NOW AND THROUGH THE YEAR.

Considerable delay and confusion are caused when the yearly reports are being gathered because some president or secretary of a local society does not attend promptly to her mail. Or, a new officer has been elected. The mail comes to the past officer and she fails to put it into the hands of the new incumbent, or delays doing so.

Perhaps a new Presbyterial secretary is appointed in the midst of the year. The retiring secretary does not notify headquarters of any change in secretaries. The annual blanks are sent to the past secretary. She allows the blanks to lie on her table for sometime, or perhaps never forwards them. Time passes. In three weeks or so, if the receipt of the blanks has not been acknowledge a trailer is sent. It is likely sent to the past secretary, too. More delay occurs. The yearly report is closed. Some societies or a Presbyterial are not reported on the annual blanks. Promptness on the part of each individual will work wonders.

Another great difficulty is the reporting of insufficient or incorrect addresses. Sometimes in city addresses the street or number or both are omitted. This year one secretary could not be located, partly for the above reason, partly because the name of the person was reported just "Mrs. Jones" (this is her new name). In that particular city there may be fifty "Mrs. Jones." Possibly a reminder just at the beginning of the year may secure better results for another year.

SERVICE.

Service is the watchword of the day. If we would help carry the burdens of this great world war, each of us must not only "do her bit" but her best.

Do these perilous times lessen our obligations to the Captain of our Salvation in His campaign for world redemption? Not in the least. It makes them even greater, for there never was a period in the history of the world when people were more eager for the gospel than today.

It is up to the Christians of 1918 to show the storm-tossed world that Christianity which has stood the test of all Ages is not weakened but rather strengthened by this holocaust.

A few years ago at our National Y. P. C. U. Convention an address was given on the subject, "The Mountain and the Plain." The speaker said we so often do not pray until driven to the wall. We consult earthly friends first, when it should be God first. The opening words of the Bible are, "In the beginning God."

The mountain is a place of foresight and vision. Here we can look out in every direction, while in the valley we can only look up. Nevertheless, the mountain is no place for permanent residence. It is a summer resort for rest. The homes are down in the plain. As there was a mountain for every Jerusalem, Judea and Samaria, there is a mountain for every valley. I take it that every Lord's day—yes, every religious experience may be a mountain top experience where we can be charged with enthusiasm, to carry on our every day work in the valley.

Most of us are booked only for the little services of life. We often look, with envious eyes, at the Sammie or Red Cross nurse, yet one has said it takes more grit, grace and gumption to do little things than big things, when the crowd is near with its hurrahs.

We will find in the valley the reasonable service that God asks for. The most unreasonable service is that for self. God's test of success is not that we have succeeded, but that we have done our level best. Reasonable service spells victory; although the world may say we failed, God is the Judge.

Furthermore, service should be joyous. Until we can fall in love with our work we have not found our work. So often when one is asked to do some Christian work she makes the reply, "I wish you would ask someone else." How many of us have been guilty of these words! Should we not consider a call to serve as a call from God? If we did, I believe this old world would soon be led to the feet of the Master.

As one has so truly said, "This is an age of heart to heart methods, woman to woman and man to man, reaching people in every line." The great army of traveling salesmen, used by business houses, illustrates this methods, while the wonderful agency system developed by the life insurance companies is a splendid example of success in service coming from personal contact. So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please and it shall prosper in the thing where unto I sent it. Isa. 55:11."

Yes, let us find a victorous service in the valley. One who builds for God cannot fail. When tempted to be discouraged let us recall His promise: "Therefore my brethern, be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord for ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

A loyal churchman was heard to say, "The war appeals are so many and insistent that we must give up our program of world missions. We can't do everything." Yes, the task is gigantic—a billion souls outside the knowledge of Christ! But dare we withdraw our teachers, medical missionaries and evangelists, while men are hungering for the Bread of Life?

We cannot win this war now nor evangelize the world by a petty service rendered in a petty spirit. We must consecrate all even though we realize it insignificant compared with the need.

Blanche L. Nelson,
Des Moines, Iowa.

1st Y. W. M. S.

SOMETHING ABOUT OUR Y. W. M. S. RALLY, PHILADELPHIA.

The young women of Philadelphia Presbytery had the pleasure, on Thursday evening, March 21, of meeting and greeting their beloved missionary, Miss Maconachie. The night was cold and rainy. It was the very kind of night which the enthusiastic committee would have shunned choosing. No one ever wilfully chooses a rainy night for any sort of meeting for on such a night, one often prefers to stay at home and keep one's feet and clothing dry. But it seemed—it really did—as if a rainy night were the night of all nights for which our young women were longing. By eight o'clock the hall ways and lecture room of the Second Church were pleasantly a-buzz with the girls and their mothers—both equally unmindful of dripping umbrellas and rain-soaked skirts.

There must have been over one hundred girls in the procession which filed into the room singing "God is King forever: let the nations tremble." Each society proudly displayed a banner giving the name of the church of which the society formed a part. Several of these banners were beautifully embroidered. The girls did not march in with military precision exactly. There was something better and infinitely more precious than military precision about them. A spirit of devotion seemed to shine from their earnest faces. It was almost as if a very quiet but very clear message were being breathed across the world to their unhappy Indian sisters—a message of love, loyal and instant help.

Before the girls were seated, all joined in singing America.

The Scripture lesson selected was the ninety-first Psalm, which Miss Maconachie states seems to be interwoven in the web of her life.

Miss Poole, who has charge of the Philadelphia Young Women's Missionary Societies, presided, and in a few well-chosen remarks introduced Miss Maconachie as a messenger to us from the Missionary Firing Line.

Miss Maconachie then presented two aspects of work in India, painting the picture of life without Christ and the picture of life into which Christ had entered with transfiguring power. Her message, with its apt illustrations, made India's girlhood and womanhood seem very real.

After the address, everyone had the opportunity of meeting Miss Maconachie. She soon found out that we all wanted to hear the story of her ship-wreck, so she kindly had the meeting re-assembled, and then in a very informal but most vivid manner told us the story of God's wonderful care, when their tiny craft was tossed about through the long hours of the weary night on a stormy sea.

Young women of Philadelphia, let us back Miss Maconachie's service of love in India with our service of intercession.

W. M. PHILIPS.

WHY MANY YOUNG WOMEN ARE NOT IN THE YOUNG WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY?

While this question begins with the ever-recurring "why," it is not a child's question that we are endeavoring to answer, but a question suggested because it is not true, as we hoped it might be when the Young Women's societies began to be organized, that every young woman in our church is a member of a missionary society. In most congregations at the present time there are more young women than young men, and perhaps it is this fact that makes us realize as never before that all of our young women have not enlisted for this important form of service. No doubt when our societies were organized, we felt that we had enlisted to win; but today, as we review our lines, we see that there is need to marshall our forces. While we stand at attention for a few moments let us remind one another of our great Commission, and then go forward, right "over the top."

Is it necessary to recall all of the old-time excuses, when our only wish in raising the question at all, is to discover a real reason, if indeed there be one? We may find the young woman who is quite too busy to spend time on the sort of program the missionary society carries out—a program which she says is all "talk" and no "do." We admit that the average missionary woman puts less time on the preparation of her lesson than the club woman does; yet it is information that must precede willing gifts, earnest prayers and loving service. Let us resolve to spend more time in the preparation of our program material, that the knowledge gained by our members may produce greater results in the world field we seek to cultivate.

The old-fashioned excuse that missions is a dry subject, will not be recognized as a twentieth century reason. Missionary work is a task for the whole world to undertake. A work with a world vision is the only popular work today, and the missionary society has a wonderful opportunity to make good.

Yes, some girls have other plans, but what girl might not have other plans, had not the Master asked that she yield all of her life to Him and let Him lead her step by step? And there are timid girls who must not only be invited, but piloted to the meetings and encouraged to take part. Need we mention the question of age? No matter what age the United Presbyterian woman is, she should be doing her best in some missionary circle, so let us have groups for all ages, and circles within circles if necessary. The married member, and the one who is living out of town, should have her name on the Honorary Roll and remain a contributor. This touch will insure some interest, and such members will gladly find an active place in the society when occasion permits.

Shall we be satisfied to let the newcomer remain uninterested? Let us rename our membership committee if that will enable them to be better "scouts." Sometimes home duties keep young women out of work they would gladly do, yet it might be easier to find time to attend meetings if we had to secure a substitute in case we could not be there. If we excuse a busy member, all of us would have to beg to be excused, for the young women of today works, either at one task or another, so why should we not be busy with the great worth while tasks of our King. If there are young women who cannot attend meetings, surely they might have a part in studying, with the aid of the Magazine, in giving to the various departments of the work through some organized missionary society and in praying for those who, in every part of our Lord's great estate, are witnessing for Him.

Is not the only real reason indifference; indifference to the need, local and world-wide; indifference toward learning about how great that need is and what our ability to meet the need is? Shall we lay the blame for this attitude toward the missionary society entirely upon the young woman who does not join our ranks, or is it true, that for all of our work and our meeting together, we are not "without spot or wrinkle" nor is our task completed? Let us begin by rooting out all indifference in our own hearts and loyally yielding to Him, Who has given His best to us all of our life that He may teach us how to obtain knowledge, how to give, how to pray, how to serve. Then will come the time when the actions of our societies will be speaking so loud, that every young woman in the congregation will gladly make any sacrifice to hear what may be said at the Young Women's Missionary Society.

MILDRED WARNOCK.

Kate Hill Missionary Society, Rock Island, Ill.

OUR CHOOSING AND ITS RESULTS.

Each young woman when she is promoted from the Junior Society to the Young Women's Society should feel a deeper responsibility in the field of service. Longfellow said, "The life of a man consists not in seeing visions and dreaming dreams, but in active charity and in willing service." And we all agree with Lowell in his statement, "Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action." With these facts confronting us, let us determine to make our Society a wide-awake one, if it has lapsed into a drowsy organization.

Are we furnishing as much missionary ammunition as we can? A soldier at the front wrote, "It cheers us to have concrete evidence that the people back home are back of us." This is only one of the many acknowledgments which have come from overseas. Remembering the ones who are helping keep the stars in our flag and fighting the foes of liberty should awaken in each of us a greater missionary activity and a deeper conviction of the responsibility which rests upon us.

Let us choose to be altruists: it will develop nobleness of heart. Our missionaries are soldiers of the Cross. Quoting from the "Red Rugs of Tarsus," referring to the conduct of the missionaries in the massacres of April, 1909, "I doubt if any other score of

American in the United States would have upheld better the glorious traditions of our race for coolness, resourcefulness, and ability to grapply suddenly with a crisis. I do not believe for a minute that it was the American flag that saved the Christian population of Tarsus. The Stars and Stripes mean nothing to the Turks. It is the way Daddy and Mother Christie have lived before these Turks all these years that did it."

In these days of Liberty kitchens, it is a good plan for the societies to eliminate even Hooverized refreshments from the regular meetings and contribute the estimated cost to the treasury. This is one of the means of furnishing more missionary ammunition. Those who save all pennies for the Thank-Offering have noticed an increase in the amount put aside for our "blessing box:" the general advance of a penny or more in the cost of all articles aids this part of the Mission Work.

Church going has been a habit of the centuries and time has proven that regular places of worship and stated times of meeting with our Father in His house keep alive our desire to worship, and so we should be strengthened by regular attendance at church. But we must remember Mr. Sunday's warning that "going to church doesn't make a Christian any more than putting a wheel-barrow in a garage makes it an automobile."

During these days of war, when we sometimes feel it a colossal effort to be cheerful and look pleasant, let us not forget the strangers who may worship with us. They may need a cordial greeting. At one time in her life the writer was thankful for a word of sympathy from a colored servant in a Christian institution, having been left unnoticed by those in charge. These experiences come to us because of the lessons we learn through them.

The real study class, not the reading circle, is of vital importance to the health of the society. We must admit that some are content with an extremely limited knowledge of the missionary fields, a sort of satisfied ignorance which is invariably followed by or accompanied with a lack of desire to help the needy in a land which seems so far away. Our study class should be spiritual as well as educational. Prayer is the opening of the heart to let in God. How often our Sabbath School teacher has prayed with us, "Father, make us to be a blessing."

If we develop a nobleness of heart, which is the true missionary spirit, life will grow sweeter as we mature, just as the sunset is lovlier than the noonday.

"Be noble and the nobleness that lives
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

Contributed by a member of the Young Women's Missionary Society, Second U. P. Church of Wheeling.

WHAT OUR ALUMNI ARE DOING.

Henderson Normal Institute,
Henderson, N. C.

Our interest in the affairs of life, increases or decreases according to the results that we are able to see. For many years our United Presbyterian Church has erected school houses and churches, and furnished workers in many parts of the Southland, for the uplift and betterment of the Negro race.

Most of those persons who have contributed so liberally and so faithfully to the support of these missions have heard of the work, but have never been able to see the effects.

Of course reports of the work and articles written about it appear in the church magazines and papers from time to time, but in these reports and articles, you hardly ever read anything of the finished product of these schools, those who have gone forth, and are not in the direct employ of the United Presbyterian Church.

With only three exceptions, all of our teachers at Henderson received their training at Knoxville College. We suppose that it is well known to our friends that the first teachers here who taught while Dr. Fulton and Dr. McCracken successively were presidents of the Institution, were white friends from the North.

After some time, when these men were called to higher service, the Freedmen's Board decided to place colored workers here, and so for eighteen years colored teachers have had charge of the work.

Most of the teachers of the public school of the town, and also of the Sabbath schools of the different churches were trained in this school. One of our young women, a graduate from the school, and who formerly lived here, is a Jeanes Fund worker in the state, and reported to be doing excellent work.

At Miller's Ferry, Riceville, Athens, Bluestone, and Townsville some of the graduates from this school are giving good service as mission workers. Two of the teachers here now were formerly students of this school, and we count them among our faithful workers.

Six young men, former students, also studied medicine, and are now successful physicians in different parts of the country. Four are ministers of the gospel, two are first and second lieutenants in a western training camp, and several are privates in other camps.

Some students from classes of more recent years, are still in different colleges pursuing higher courses of study. There are, at present, ten of them at Knoxville College. Each one has made a good record thus far, and we are hoping for much from them as they take their places in the world. And words would fail to tell of those who are simply home-makers. They are rendering service to the world perhaps in a more effective way, for they are training their own children for the future years.

We are often asked by friends who visit the school if the girls put into practice when they go out, the things they learn while here. We have hesitated sometimes in making an answer, for we have wondered the same thing very often.

But we are persuaded that in most cases they do. Visits to these homes have revealed facts of which we were entirely ignorant. We learned how the family altar has been established in some homes, how clubs and temperance societies have been organized, and Mothers' meetings held every week. These are the things that are bringing about social uplift.

Two years ago, when we celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the school, quite a number of our alumni were present, and expressed at that time a desire to erect an industrial building on the grounds. Five hundred dollars were pledged at that time toward a building fund, three hundred of which have already been collected. Two members present pledged each a hundred dollars of the amount stated. Quite a number of those who attended the meeting were young people who have not been at work very long, and they pledged smaller amounts. There were some others who did not attend, but who wrote to say that whenever we are ready to build, that they will contribute toward the fund.

It was a memorable meeting, and we shall never forget how those people told that night of their first teachers, of the joy in the town among the colored people when they learned what the Freedmen's Board was going to do for them. They told also of sacrifices made, of hardships endured, that they might attend the place of learning.

This will give you an idea of what has been accomplished just in this mission, and this is only one. There are others that can give a similar account. Just a small portion of those who are educated in our schools identify themselves with our work, but they are like streams that have gone forth to water other places, and to make them fruitful. Other denominations have been, and are still being helped and strengthened by the young people who go into their midst from time to time.

We trust that when the King comes to make up His jewels, that there will be a great number to answer the roll call from the Southland, who have been directed and saved by the mission lighthouses that were built by our northern friends.

CHRISTIANITA TOTTEN.

"INTEREST ON OUR INVESTMENT."

Henderson Normal Institute,
Henderson, N. C.

Dear Friends:—

After learning that you wished to hear from one of our school girls and to be told of some of our work, I venture to send you a brief account. We have a high school course here, which prepares us for college work. There are eight grades below this. Several young women in the town have attended this school since they were in the first grade and having completed the higher course are now out teaching. This school is as a light sending forth its rays all around. Most of the near-by cities and towns have felt the influence of it.

In the early days of the school, it is said that a hundred students were enrolled, and there were so many from the country who wanted to attend, that two frame buildings were put up, with accommodations for seventy-five or one hundred students. These persons were allowed to bring provisions and board themselves, but this plan was abolished some years ago, as not being satisfactory, and so all who come now board. We are taught here to make our own clothing and to cook, not only plain food but some of the fancy dishes. We learn the food value also of the different articles of diet and how to buy and to serve.

One of the important organizations of our school is the Y. W. C. A. This society is doing much to help girls to live better Christian lives. Just a brief outline will give you an idea how the girls are engaged. We meet every Sabbath afternoon from two to three. We choose and discuss subjects that are suitable and helpful to us. We look after the sick girls in the building and out of our slender means we give a little to help the poor of the town.

Socially we entertain and make welcome new students. There is also an effort made to keep up a feeling of peace and harmony among the girls.

This is not all that I might tell about our school but perhaps enough to give you an idea of what we do here.

We are proud of our Henderson school and trust that you young ladies, when you meet in your societies will remember us in prayer.

Respectfully yours,
HATTIE E. CALDWELL.

Note:—Does it not pay to support Freedmen's work? Do you recall that one of our Young Women's Special Workers is in this school?

SUMMER SCHOOLS FOR MISSION STUDY.

Winona, Indiana, June 12-19.

Experts in mission study will bring their best. Mrs. H. L. Hill will be the study-book lecturer; Mrs. Albert L. Berry, the Bible teacher. Every opportunity of past years and much added this year. Write to Mrs. Mary B. Whiteside, 1577 Wesley Ave., Evanston, Ills., that you will be there and have her reserve accommodations for you.

Boulder, Colorado, June 12-19.

Persons in vicinity of Boulder will want to attend this year. Expense for one week, $12.00. Write to Mrs. J. H. Miller, Race Street, Denver, Colo., for further particulars.

If you have ever attended a Summer School you need not be urged to go again. Go and take someone who has not had the blessed opportunity.

JUNIORS

MRS. I. H. MILLIKEN,
Junior Secretary,
205 Lexington Ave., Aspinwall, Pa.

THE CHILD AS CHRIST'S CHOSEN MESSENGER.

"An Angle paused in his onward flight
With a seed of love and truth and right,
And said, 'Oh where shall this seed be sown
Where 'twill yield most fruit when fully grown:
To whom can this precious seed be given
Where 'twill bear most fruit for earth and heaven?'
The Saviour heard, and said, as He smiled,
'Place it at once in the heart of a child.'"

We are a company of Junior Leaders. Our work is to interest the little ones and lead them out into places of vision and fields of usefulness, so that their lives will count for something worth while in later years. Our's is to mould their character, direct their energies, and in a large measure to control their destinies.

A great and responsible task, this is, a task that requires grace, wisdom and sanctified tact in abundance. Well might we pause to ask ourselves in all seriousness: "Who is sufficient for these things?"

We have, however, as one of our incentives this significant fact, that while we are teaching them, they, in turn, are teaching us. We don't need to refer to books, or to people of wide experience altogether. Our real teachers are sitting at our feet; they are looking into our faces; they are shouting instruction into our very ears. Truly "A little child shall lead them."

Little children with lisping tongues and tottering steps have led many a patriarch "out of darkness into light." Little children have directed parents and grandparents into "Wisdom's ways which are pleasantness."

The child is "Christ's Chosen Messenger." When our Master was asked by His disciples who should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, He answered by putting a child in their midst and saying, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." To say nothing of being great and prominent in the kingdom, He told them that unless they became as little children they would not so much as enter that kingdom. That is to say unless they possessed and displayed the traits of little children, they were not fit for a place in the kingdom at all.

What are some of the outstanding traits of children that Jesus had in mind when He uttered these words?

1st. Forgiveness is certainly one of the most conspicuous traits. Whoever heard of a little child holding spite for any considerable length of time? Here are a number of little boys and girls playing. All goes well for a while, but suddenly a misunderstanding occurs and a quarrel follows. Words pass between them, and threats are exchanged, and it all winds up by going home in a pout. How often we have seen it! If they were a little older bitter feelings might continue, and friendships ties might be permanently broken. But how different it is in the case of these children! In an hour's time, or less, they are gathered in the same place, laughing and jesting and having a general good time. Their quarrels have been forgiven and forgotten and they are as happy as larks in each others' fellowship.

Now the disciples are quarreling among themselves as to who should be great in the kingdom of heaven. They somehow thought that Christ was to establish His kingdom right here upon the earth, and they were asking who should occupy the most prominent position in that kingdom. So much feeling did they show in the matter that Jesus bluntly informed them that unless they were a little more than child-like in their disposition, they would be barred out of the kingdom. No doubt He was thinking of the willingness of children to forgive and forget. Children do not hold a grudge or cherish spite; children are loving and gentle and kind. We older folks preach forgiveness, but our children practice it. And surely our Supreme Teacher practiced it. He said, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven, Who sends His rain upon the evil and good and causes His sun to shine upon the just and the unjust." Jesus had been preaching this but later we find Him practicing what He had been preaching before. When He was nailed to the cross and was insulted and tortured on all sides and even spit upon, you remember He offered this beautiful and magnanimous prayer, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." "When He was reviled He reviled not again, when He suffered He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him Who judgeth righteously." His was a forgiving nature, a spirt like that of a child. If we as Junior workers would be wise, we would sit at the feet of the children in our midst and learn from them this much needed lesson. In these days of war and strife we are in danger of becoming vindictive and harsh. The provocation is great, very great, but we need to beware lest we lose sight of the fact that we are to love one another.

2nd. Another most admirable trait in children is humility. Very few children manifest feelings of haughtiness and self-importance. Little folks are humble and lowly. Jesus, seeing that His disciples were disposed to be proud and haughty placed a little child in the midst and said, "Except ye become as a little child you cannot enter into my kingdom." Again He said, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted and he that exalteth himself shall be abased."

Selfishness is one of the crying sins of modern society. People who get a little ahead in the world so frequently look down upon others who have not had similar advantages or attained to the same social standing. Not so with little children. The rich man's child is daily seen playing with the child of some poor neighbor. There is no such thing as class or caste in the society of little folks.

Our Declaration of Independence declares that all men are created free and equal, and yet in so called high society there is anything but equality. Let us take the children as our tutors, and from their lives learn to be humble.

3rd. Children are teachable. They have a passion to learn. What veritable interrogation points they are! We listen to a hundred questions from their lips daily, and sometimes it would take a wiser person than Solomon to answer them. They demand your time during your very busiest hours to read them a fairy tale of Peter Rabbit stories.

Would that we older people could cultivate such an appetite for knowledge and information. There is so much to read these days and our time is so limited to get them read. And yet we must read if we are going to keep ourselves informed. The children must be taught and taught in an interesting and entertaining fashion. Let us learn from them the lesson of teachableness, and let us "study to show ourselves approved unto God."

The child is Christ's chosen messenger. The child teaches us to be loving and forgiving; to be humble and lowly; to be teachable, and many other things, that I shall not take time to mention.

We need to keep "the child in the midst" and from them draw inspiration.

Written and read by Mrs. C. S. Manor, Lincoln Ave. Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., for the Junior Workers' Association of Pittsburgh.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary.
2006 Wendover St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The great topic for prayer during the past month has been the sending out of missionaries to our foreign fields in response to the appeal for "407" additional. We are very much gratified that God has heard our prayers and that we have decided to present to our Women's General Missionary Society Convention and our General Assembly the names of *nine young women who have volunteered for the King's service;* six for India, two for the Sudan and one for Egypt. When you add the returning missionaries to the nine new ones it will make a party of about seventeen whom we are planning to send out in September or October. It is estimated that the traveling expenses of each one will cost $800, making a total of $13,600 for traveling expenses. Outfit money for nine missionaries will cost $1,350 making a total of about $15,000 for traveling and outfit money of the outgoing party this year.

While we have been praying for the missionaries we have also been praying for the money to send them and God has heard, and answered, in part, both petitions. The salaries of three of the above mentioned have been pledged and $200 has been received for traveling expenses. We hope every reader of the Magazine will lay these figures before the Lord, and then ask Him to show her how she can help to raise the necessary $15,000 for traveling and outfit money and the necessary $4,000 or $5,000 for salaries for this first year. If you add the cost of the language teachers and sanitariam expenses for the entire party it will make a grand total of $25,000 that is needed for the year ending July 1, 1919.

We are sending these representatives of the Master out in the full assurance of faith that as He has called them He will send all the money needed for their support, but, as He sends the means through His servants we think it wise to tell you clearly the whole story.

Estimates have been received from India and the Sudan. Of course, they are much increased simply because the prices of everything in those countries have increased just as they have here. Unless there be increases to the Foreign Department how shall we be able to increase the estimates for the work already undertaken? Of course, we cannot and dare not undertake new work until our constituency sends us the necessary funds. We leave the matter in the hands of the members of the W. G. M. S., knowing that He Whom they love and serve will give them "The wisdom and riches" needed to successfully carry on the work which has been committed to them.

We are grieved to report the death of the Rev. W. R. Coventry in Americas, Kansas, on the 7th of April. Our prayers go up for his bereaved widow and friends and also for the work in Egypt, which he loved so well and in which he will be so sorely missed.

Miss Minnie Beatty has arrived from India safely, and expects, in the near future, to enter Columbia Hospital for an operation. Pray that a surgeon may have skill and wisdom, given from above, so that she may be speedily restored to normal health and strength.

Miss Anna B. Criswell has been in the hospital in Assiut for several weeks. A letter recently received from her states that she is improving, for which our hearts are glad.

War conditions prevent our Egyptian and Sudan missionaries from taking their usual midterm vacation in Switzerland, consequently they have no place where they can go to avoid the hot season or getting a change of environment.

FIELD SECRETARY

Miss Kate A. Hill, Field Secretary, 904 Publication Building, 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

PRAYER—ITS POWER.

"Away in foreign lands they wondered how
Their simple words had power;
At home—the Christians, two or three,
Had met to pray an hour."

Pittsburgh, Assembly Room, Publication Building, every Tuesday, 10 a. m.

Philadelphia, Second United Presbyterian Church, first Thursday, every month, 10:30 to 11:30 a. m.

New York, Room 824, Presbyterian Building, 156 Fifth Ave., first Tuesday of every month, 2:30 to 3:30 p. m.

Chicago, Room 507 Union Bank Bldg., 25 N. Dearborn St., second Tuesday every month, 12 noon to 1:00 p. m.

In the trysting place of every member of the missionary societies, an hour every week spent in prayer for an outpouring of God's Spirit on the Church at home and our mission fields in the north, south, east and west, in our great cities, in India, Egypt, and the Sudan.

"Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord! till all my heart
Is filled with strong compassion for these souls;
Till thy compelling "must" drives me to pray;
Till thy constraining love reach to the poles,
Far north and south, in burning, deep desire;
Till east and west are caught in love's great fire."

2 Tim. 1:6.

During March a letter was sent to the president of every Presbyterial Society, also to the president of every Women's Missionary Society and to the pastor or someone in every congregation where we have no missionary society.

I am intensely interested in the results from these letters. My first reply was from Vermont informing me that in the congregation where no society had been reported in last year's report a very active society had been organized this year. This places Vermont at the top in the honor roll of having a Women's Missionary Society in *every* congregation. I am looking forward to our statistical report for 1918 to find how many such Presbyteries we have.

May I suggest that every president begin at once on the 25 per cent. increase for this year. This increase can easily be met if it is distributed over the twelve months of the year.

The suggestion was also made of having reading circles. So many of our societies are composed of older women who feel their days for *study* are past. (Not that I believe that they are afraid of the word study). In these days of knitting and sewing, etc., there could be many reading circles. Some one could read aloud from a missionary book while others work and then an informal discussion.

Anything and everything to get people to know about missions. More and more I believe that the only way to interest the uninterested woman is in any way and every way bring to her attention the task of winning the world for Christ.

I left Chicago March 25, spent the following Sabbath in Rock Island. One evening in Des Moines. In the afternoon we visited Camp Dodge and had my first view of life in an American army. Then I started for Oklahoma and Texas. Tulsa, Okla., was my first stopping place. In the afternoon I spoke to the Missionary Union in the Methodist Church. A most earnest, intelligent group of women. In the evening I spoke in our own church to a most appreciative audience. Left the next morning in a driving rain which is always welcome in

Texas and Oklahoma, but unusually so this year.

Sabbath and Monday were busy days at San Antonio. We visted Camp Travis and Kelly Field. But to my great disappointment my nephew who had spent the winter there had been transferred to Garden City and is on his way "over there" by this time. We saw soldiers every where, areoplanes and balloons in the air. San Antonio is surrounded with eight army camps.

On may to the Texas Presbyterial, I visited two congregations at Hoyte and Marlowe. Presbytery met at the same time. We met at Eureka; a very good meeting which ended in the heaviest downfall of rain I ever saw.

May it be a forecaste of the showers of blessing that may come to our congregations in Texas this year. The missionary societies will take up the canvass of "Things to do." My last stop was at Corsicana where I spoke on Sabbath day.

I came on to Oklahoma City next day, having enjoyed every moment of my visit in Texas. In San Antonio and again during the Presbyterial I enjoyed being with our city missionary, Miss Edith Warnock, of Alamo Heights, San Antonio.

I came away with enlarged vision of the needs of our home mission field, a deeper interest in all their problems and a great love for the people of Texas who opened their homes to me and showered me with kindnesses.

PARSONAGE REPAYMENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1918.

Albia, Iowa	$ 69.38
West Side, Monmouth, Ill.	83.25
Eighth, Chicago, Ill.	88.00
Assiut, Egypt	442.06
Montrose Ave., Chicago, Ill.	20.00
Second, Spokane, Wash.	62.50
Barston Colony, Cal.	41.63
Ingleside, San Francisco, Cal.	37.47
Burlington, Wash.	47.18
McClellan Heights, Davenport, Iowa	24.98
Tulsa, Okla.	49.95
Third, Spokane, Wash.	32.00
Central Falls, R. I.	69.38
Ontario, Ore.	58.86
Cincinnati, Ohio	30.00
Omdurman, Sudan	194.25
Oneonta, N. Y.	27.75
Gary, Ind.	58.28
	$1436.92

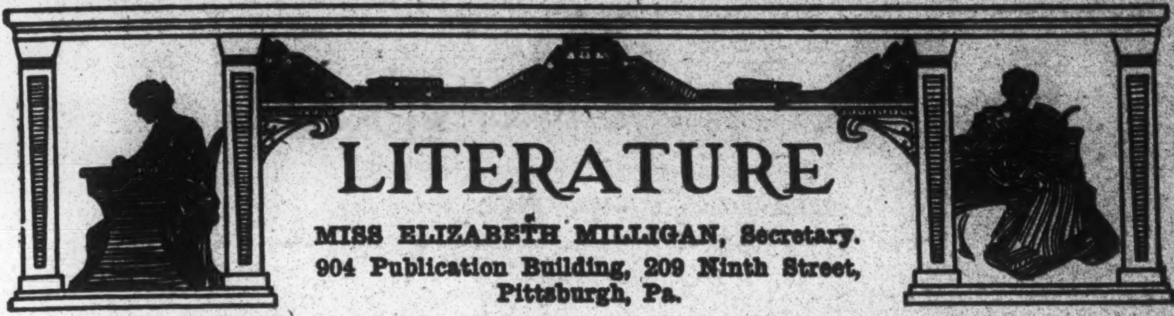
PARSONAGE REPAYMENTS FOR MARCH, 1918.

Middletown, Ohio	$ 75.00
Ewart, Iowa	19.43
Waterloo, Iowa	10.00
Farrell, Pa.	80.48
Montrose Ave., Chicago, Ill.	20.00
Creston, Iowa	55.50
Nampa, Idaho	55.50
Parma, Idaho	58.28
Corsicana, Texas	47.18
Long Beach, Cal.	69.38
Rock Valley, Iowa	825.55
Morgan Hill, Cal.	111.00
Torrington, Wyoming	375.09
Trenton, Ohio	69.38
Boise, Idaho	50.00
Burlington, Washington	94.36
Fairhill, Philadelphia, Pa.	43.25
	$2059.38

MRS. J. D. SANDS,
Parsonage Secretary.

ONE SILVER DOLLAR!!

Saturday night, May 18th, following the Thank-Offering Service,—ONE SILVER DOLLAR.



LITERATURE

MISS ELIZABETH MILLIGAN, Secretary.
904 Publication Building, 209 Ninth Street,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Supplementary Leaflets for Study Classes.

Bishop William Taylor	2c.
Mohammed, Founder of Islam	2c.
A Sudan Lion Skin	3c.
Other Children	2c.
The Brave Hunchback	2c.
Farida's Dream	4c.
A Triumph of Love	2c.
From Darkness Into Light	4c.
Little Daughters of Islam	2c.
Little Chocolate Soldier	2c.
The King's Sacrifice Girl	2c.
Our Missionaries' Need	1c.
The Closed Gate	2c.
The Penitents of New Mexico	2c.
Old Mission Background	2c.
Foreign Missions at Our Doors	4c.

Standard Supplies.

Prayer Cycle	10c.
Bamba	10c.
Our Sisters in Egypt	13c.
First Fruits From Frenchburg	10c.
Junior Manual	25c.
Little Brothers of Mine	25c.
Missionary Mother Goose Rhymes	25c.
Missionary Lessons for Youngest Juniors	20c.
Mission Study for Juniors	15c.
Flags of All Nations	25c.
W. G. M. S. Pins	35c.
Junior Pins	35c.

We have no more *Missionary Milestones, African Trail,* nor *African Adventurers.* Do not order the *Guide* to *African Adventurers* as the publishers supply is exhausted and they will not print more. The other supplies, however, can still be secured from the publishers.

Last month we published the chapter headings of the new foreign study book. We have since received the advance notice of the home study books. These books are also in harmony with the general subject chosen by the *Committee of Twenty-eight, Christianity and the World Workers.*

The subject for the senior home study book is *The Path of Labor,* and is written by seven authors. It deals with the responsibility of women in church organizations toward the industrial conditions of the present day.

The chapter headings are as follows:

I. The Call to Service.
II. In City Industries.
III. In Mountains and Mines.
IV. Among Negro Laborers.
V. In Lumber Camps and Mines.
VI. Justice and Brotherhood.

The price of this book has been increased to 40 cents in the paper covered book. The cloth covered book remains 57 cents.

The Junior book is *Jack-of-All-Trades* and is written by Miss Margaret Applegarth, the author of *Maid in America.*

It is described as "A true story for Juniors of the Little Unseen People who help to feed, to clothe and to make the world a comfortable place for other people to live in. Unique, Unusual, and of Absorbing Interest, Children will love it and Leaders will find it a fascinating study to present."

The supplementary material for the Junior book will include the *Teacher's Manual,* full of clever suggestions for programe and a *Take-Home Envelope* entitled *"The World's Workshop,"* containing occupational material for the six chapters of the book.

These study books and supplies have not yet come from the publisher but we hope to have them for distribution by the last of this month or early in June.

We have just published a new leaflet, *Women's Work in Freedmen's Missions,* by Mrs. Ada Kerr Wilson, our Freedmen's Secretary. This new leaflet explains fully the work among the Freedmen supported by the Women's General Missionary Society. Price 2c. each.

AMERICAN INDIAN

MRS. JOHN S. CRAWFORD, Secretary.
95 Trenton Avenue, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Simnasho, Rev. W. A. Matthews, missionary. Number of pastoral visits made, 69. Average attendance at church services, 25. The usual thirty-minute meeting four mornings a week with the school children.

We have had a real serious time with our sick ones. There have been three deaths during the month; each caused by pneumonia. At the present time we have two very critical cases. One of these is Henry Queahpama, the tribal chief, and the other a little girl of about five years.

When the chief was first taken sick he sent for me. When I went to see him he told me he wanted me to kneel down by his bed-side and pray for him. I have been there every day since. When I was there yesterday morning (Sabbath) about all the Indians who come to church were there. I have not been talking in the home, nothing beyond a prayer because of the chief's serious condition, and because the doctor ordered him kept quiet.

Yesterday after the prayer I told those assembled there that the service would be more especially a service of intercession in behalf of our sick, their chief of course included. One of the sons told the chief and he nodded his approval. Sixteen came over to the service. Two of the sons included, something very unusual for a member of the family to leave the house when they think the sickness serious.

The father of the little girl who is so sick was at church also. He said he came to church and left his sick child because he knew that there was a Bible at the church and that I would read what God had to say. He said he knew this would bring comfort to his sad heart and that perhaps God would help him in his need.

This man and his wife have been most faithful in coming to church and all winter have manifested a most sincere and earnest spirit.

We feel that we would like your prayers in their behalf that they may be led into the fuller and richer life which is in Christ Jesus.

Henry Stwyer is at church every Sabbath. He told the people yesterday that their only hope was in Christ. That in these trying times they must come to Him for help. What a jo yi would be to Henry if his wife would confess Christ.

Warm Spring, Oregon, Rev. H. T. Jackson, missionary. Number of pastoral visits, 114. Time spent in camp visiting, 125 hours. Average attendance at services, 84. Offerings of congregation, $7.50. Offerings of Sabbath School, $3.18.

A letter from Warm Spring:

I am sending you a statement in which I express the opinion of the whole Puite Tribe.

We have thought much about this great war, more so since it has called our sons to arms.

The Stars and Stripes you brought to us we know was for peace; our tracks we still remember around the flag pole, our witness still stands and we behold the Stars and Stripes day after day which made us equal.

Our tombstone was erected for a vanishing, etc., but we want to show to the world we are not going to die without we show that we are ready to answer to the call to help defend our "Mother Earth" in beloved America. Ours, and your borders and lives must and shall be protected by our sons.

Our wish and our prayer is that our sons not be sent abroad, but be guards of our country, United States and the borders. Also their bodies sent home to us to rest under the ground of our "Mother Earth" over where the Stars and Stripes wave.

We say again we are ready to help close the doors upon our enemie's faces. The flag has mad eus one, our lives and souls as one and we are one.

Very respectfully,
JAMES JOHNSON.

Mrs. Jackson writes: We thought we were busy the first two months of the year when the school children were sick. Never before have we seen anything like this. Pneumonia in most cases and very bad. Thus far there have been ten deaths and at the present time many are very ill. Our interpreter is at the point of death.

The superintendent of the reservation has been hovering between life and death for more than two weeks. Saturday was the first that he was rational and he said to his wife, "I think it is so strange that Mr. Jackson never comes to see me." She said, "Why he comes every day."

In some homes there are seven or eight sick, all lying on the floor. We wonder that any of them live through pneumonia under such conditions.

Our physician left Saturday evening for the war now the nearest physician is seventeen miles away. So many physicians are going to war, we fear no one will be sent here. We cannot but believe that out of all this affliction the Lord will bring good.

Into one home we went last Wednesday where the father, mother and little boy were very ill. They are comparatively young people and have been so indifferent to spiritual things, leaning toward the Shakers. We had been in only a little while until the wife asked Mr. Jackson to pray; and we sang the 23rd Psalm. Then the husband asked Mr. Jackson to help him to sit up which he did. When this man said, "Last night I was pretty near gone. I thought I was dying; then I remembered my good old father who was a member of your church and always went to church on the Sabbath; I don't want any other church, I am glad you came and prayed and sang with us and we want you to come again."

Mr. Jackson asked if he were trusting in Jesus and he said he was. Both he and his wife are improving.

They all crave oranges and we got all we could here. It takes several days to have them sent from Portland. I have been opening my canned fruit and draining the juice off for them.

The sickness has affected the attendance at our Sabbath afternoon services; yet we are surprised that even so many are present.

We feel that our work with the boys and girls has been so much more satisfactory this year than any previous one.

The monthly report for Tama has not been received. Mr. Smith reports four services last Sabbath with total attendance of forty.

(Concluded from page 702).

Fourteen foreign representatives are expected to be in attendance at the Convention, May 17, in the Fourth Church, Allegheny. Pray that all the delegates and officers of this Convention may be taken in safety from their homes to their places of entertainment, that their dear ones may be kept in health while they are absent; that we may all meet with the Master as we gather together to talk over the affairs of the Kingdom; that the Holy Spirit may be present in great power so that every speaker shall deliver his message to the waiting people and that every heart shall be so filled that all shall go down from this mount of privilege with renewed consecration and devotion to the service of Him Who is Kings of kings and Lord of lords.

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Foreign Secy.

TEMPERANCE

Mrs. R. C. Morton, Temperance Secretary, 2020 Perrysville Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Another year is fast drawing to a close and what a wonderful year it has been for Temperance. Even this old state of Pennsylvania supposed to be a veritable stronghold of liquordom is being carried along on the great wave of Temperance. Five years ago it had only two dry counties, now it has eleven. In 1911 three was one saloon for every 681 persons, now one for every 737. In the same year there were 700 square miles of "dry" territory, now 12,300. Same year 60,000 people of the state lived in no license territory, now nearly one-fifth of the population, 15,500,00. It is said that 200 of the 1700 saloons in Philadelphia are on the market.

The following is the Honor Roll of the states which have ratified the Prohibition Amendment.

1. Mississippi, ratified by Senate January 8, 1918; 28 to 5. Ratified by House January 8, 1918; 93 to 3.

2. Virginia, ratified by Senate Jan. 10, 1918; 30 to 8. Ratified by House Jan. 11, 1918; 84 to 13.

3. Kentucky, ratified by House, Jan. 14, 1918; 66 to 10. Ratified by Senate, Jan. 14, 1918; 28 to 6.

4. South Carolina, ratified by Senate, Jan. 25, 1918; 28 to 6. Ratified by House, Jan. 23, 1918; 66 to 29.

5. North Dakota, ratified by House Jan. 25, 1918; 96 to 10. Ratified by Senate, Jan. 25, 1918; 43 to 2.

6. Maryland, ratified by House, Feb. 8, 1918; 58 to 36. Ratified by Senate, Feb. 13, 1918; 18 to 7.

7. Montana, ratified by House Feb. 18, 1918; 77 to 8. Ratified by Senate, Feb. 19, 1918; 35 to 2.

8. Texas, ratified by Senate, Feb. 28, 1918; 15 to 7. Ratified by House, March 4, 1918; 72 to 30.

9. Delaware, ratified by House, March 14, 1918; 27 to 6. Ratified by Senate, March 18, 1918; 13 to 3.

10. South Dakota, ratified by Senate, March 19, 1918; 43 to 0. Ratified by House, March 20, 1918; 86 to 0.

11. Massachusetts, April 2, 1918.

Most encouraging reports of the year's work of the Women's General Missionary Society Temperance Department are being received and also many interesting letters.

One correspondent writes: "The majority of the people now are in favor of temperance, owing to the sentiment that has been aroused against the liquor traffic."

Another, "Our entire school has signed the pledge. Our mission workers made the great change in the homes of our students. Our whole community stands for temperance and we verily believe the sentiment has been moulded by our mission. In the majority of the homes the family altar has been introduced and the people are striving to live more Christ-like lives."

Another, "Please find enclosed two dollars for mailing twenty-five year books and literature, songs, recitations, etc., for temperance entertainment. We intend to work more along temperance lines this coming year. The literature is so good and well received."

Another, "I am planning for a temperance meeting in May and should like some literature. I wish to have most of the program from your literature, etc."

Then I am sure we will all be delighted to read the following extracts of a letter received from our faithful workers Mr. and Mrs. Matthews of Simnasho, Ore.

Simnasho, April 6, 1918.

Now regarding temperance work. As you know we have no organized forces here in connection with our work. So I have nothing special to report as far as our immediate work is concerned. But you know we live in a dry state and I want to tell you how prohibition has worked out as far as our Indians are concerned.

When we first came here our state was wet. The reservation was dry territory, and was carefully guarded against booze vendors. But when the Indian was off the reservation he was free to buy and drink booze and those in authority over him when he was at home had no jurisdiction in the matter. I have personally known of many cases of the Indian getting intoxicated when away from the reservation, getting into trouble because he was intoxicated and then spending weeks in the white man's jail as a punishment. The Indian was fleeced right and left by saloon men and hangers on of the saloon. I recall one incident. An Indian went out to The Dalles, a small town 60 miles from here. It was the last fall the state was wet. He left home with a brand new farm wagon worth perhaps $115.00. He came home with an old express wagon worth perhaps $10.00 and a pair of black eyes. I had a talk to him and found that whiskey was the secret. This incident is but typical of what we frequently saw.

Some say that prohibition does not prohibit. We knew of a case or two where the Indian got liquor during the first four or five months that the state was under dry law but not a single instance of an intoxicated Indian has come to our attention for almost two years. The dry state has meant a great deal to the work among the Indian here. I trust that the day of national prohibition is not far removed.

Very sincerely yours,
W. A. Matthews.

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.

On November 20th, the Women's Missionary Society, of Shilo, Indiana, very fittingly celebrated its forty-first anniversary, in the home of Mrs. M. C. Watson, Dunreith, Indiana. Of the thirty-two charter members five were present. One in her ninetieth year, and another in her eighty-eighth. Mrs. Fannie Forbes, a charter member, has been its faithful president for seven years.

Mrs. Nellie S. Griffin, recording secretary for twenty-one years, led the devotional exercises, giving an earnest and helpful address. Mrs. Bruce Atkins, presiding for the day, read an original poem, written for the occasion, also presented each charter member with a beautiful chrysanthemum.

Mrs. Watson, reported work done since organization as follows:

Thank-Offering for 1917	$56.27
Total through Thank-Offering	$873.69
To Home Missions	$1094.00
To Foreign Missions	$1391.00

Other amounts to different boards, making a total of $5920.00.

Our excellent and indispensable Missionary Magazine is in the home of every member of the society, and should be in the home of every woman in the church! *No one can be interested in the vital cause of missions, any more than anything else, they know nothing about!*

Congratulatory speeches by many friends and letters of kindly greetings were read from absent friends.

Dr. Anna B. Watson, niece of Mrs. Watson, was present, and spoke briefly concerning medical mission work in Egypt.

Light refreshments were served. Music and good social time enjoyed by every one.

Mrs. Watson has served as treasurer since organization in 1876. Though a "shut-in" part of the time she is still a "live wire" and through her generosity eight friends have the privilege of life membership in the Women's General Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of North America.

Treasurer's Report for February and March, 1918.

It is desired that all money should be in the form of even dollars except on Parsonage Loans.

PRESBYTERIALS	Foreign Missions	Foreign Salaries	Home Missions	Indian Missions	Freedmen's Missions	Junior Special	Church Exten. and Parsonage	Ministerial Relief	Young Women's Special	Contingent Fund	Women's Asso. Work			Temperance	Isaiah 41:8 Fund	Miscellaneous	TOTAL
											Orphans' Home	Home for Aged People	Columbia Hospital				
Albany	5.00	65.00	25.00						15.00								110.00
Allegheny	96.00	50.00	141.00	85.00	45.00	1.00	25.00	20.00								25.00	488.00
Beaver Valley	28.00	25.00	25.00	13.00	15.00				35.00						5.00		146.00
Brookville	8.00	32.00	7.00	2.00	3.00			1.00		1.00	5.00				5.00		64.00
Butler		205.00	7.00		7.00		16.00							7.00	5.00		247.00
Chicago	39.00		30.00	10.00	35.00	23.00	20.00							11.00			168.00
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America, My Country

By Jens K. Grondahl

AMERICA, my country, I come at thy call;
I plight thee my troth and I give thee my all;
In peace or in war I am wed to thy weal—
I'll carry thy flag thru the fire and the steel.
Unsullied it floats o'er our peace-loving race,
On sea nor on land shall it suffer disgrace;
In rev'rence I kneel at sweet liberty's shrine:
America, my country, command, I am thine!

America, my country, brave souls gave thee birth—
They yearned for a haven of freedom on earth;
And when thy proud flag to the winds was unfurled,
There came to thy shores the oppressed of the world.
Thy milk and thy honey flow freely for all—
Who takes of thy bounty shall come at thy call;
Who quaffs of thy nectar of freedom shall say:
America, my country, command, I obey!

America, my country, now come is thy hour—
The Lord of hosts counts on thy courage and power;
Humanity pleads for the strength of thy hand,
Lest liberty perish on sea and on land.
Thou guardian of freedom, thou keeper of right,
When liberty bleeds we may trust in thy might,
Divine right of kings or our freedom must fall—
America, my country, I come at thy call!

Chorus: *America, my country, I answer thy call,*
That freedom may live and that tyrants may fall;
I owe thee my all and my all will I give—
I do and I die that America may live.

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LIFE ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK.

Note the push cart and the great tenements. Many children sleep on the fire-escapes at night—while the rooms are rented for sleeping purposes to strangers.